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TUDOR

A

PRINCE

OF

WALES.

An

Hiſtorical Novel.

In TWO PARTS.

LONDON,

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TUDOR,

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The Firſt Part.

IT was about the Time when the War which had continued for ſo many Ages between the *Engliſh* and *Welſh*, ſeemed to be put to an end; and that theſe latter were believed for ever unable to retrive their loſſes, or defend their pretenſions; That *Owen Tudor*, one of their

Princes, and whoſe Lineage they deduced from *Cadwalladar* an ancient *Britiſh* King, endeavoured to mount the Throne. He found it no difficult matter to perſwade the *Welſh* to riſe in Arms; and that people diſſatisfied with their new Maſters, were ready to ſhed the laſt drop of their Blood in attempting to ſhake off that Yoke. *Tudor* was glad to find them ſo well inclined to the Execution of his deſires; but their Aid ſeeming too weak fully to ſupport his hopes, he betook himſelf to the Protection of the Kings of *France* and *Scotland*, who reſolved to ſecond him in his enterpriſes.

Henry the Fourth, newly Crowned King of *England*, no ſooner underſtood of the powerfull League that was formed againſt him; but that he on his part prepared vigorouſly for War; and having raiſed an Army of Forty thouſand men, he marched towards *Scotland* at the head

head of it, where he met the enemy drawn up on the Borders. He offered them Battel, which was accepted; but the *Scots* had the worſt of the day; *Tudor* was fain to flie for it; and the Earl of *Doughlas*, who commanded the *Scots*, was made Priſoner by *Henry*. The loſs of that Battel put the Affairs of the *Welſh* Prince into a bad condition; and finding no other ſupport but in the friendſhip of *Charles* the Sixth King of *France*; he retreated into his Dominions: where that Monarch received him more favourably than he could have expected in his adverſity. The Grandee's of the Kingdom imitated their Prince, and had ſo great reſpect for the merit of *Tudor*, that their civilities were ſufficient to have made him forget all his loſſes, if he had propoſed to himſelf any thing but Glory. But it is very hard for ſuch Souls as are born to command, to find ſatisfaction any

other way than in the ſubmiſſion and obedience of Provinces; and that Prince would have willingly preferred the Crown of *Wales*, to all the Favours and Civilities which he received at the Court of *Charles*. Wherefore, he did all he could to procure from him aſſiſtance: But *France* was not at that time what before it had been; and after the unlucky accident which befell their King, and is mentioned in Hiſtory, the Kingdom was ſo rent by the different intereſts of the Princes of the Blood, that it had enough to do to maintain it ſelf.

Tudor thus croſſed in his deſigns, bore his misfortune, but not without much impatience; yet that was not all: Fate had new troubles in reſerve for him; and he had never been ſenſible of the utmoſt effects of ill fortune, if he had not felt the pains which commonly attend a great but hopeleſs Love.

Charles

Charles had ſeveral Children by his Queen *Iſabell* of *Bavaria*; and *Catharine* his youngeſt Daughter was juſtly eſteemed one of the greateſt Beauties, and moſt lovely perſons that hath ever been. The Luſtre of her preſence ſurprized all that beheld her; and her Actions were accompanied with ſo many Charms, that no heart was proof againſt her merit: Her Body was not inferiour to the Beauties of her Countenance; and in a word, ſhe ſeemed to have been framed on purpoſe to inſpire into Hearts the tendereſt of Paſſions.

Tudor at firſt beheld her with admiration; but ſeeing his Fortune had no Conformity with high deſigns, his reaſon at that time retained its authority; and that Princes thoughts were taken up as much at leaſt with the ſenſe of his Calamities, as with the Conſideration of the perfections of *Catharine*. However he had a Heart

like other Men; and he muſt needs have been of a very ſavage diſpoſition; if ſeeing daily the Princeſs, he had not been affected by her Beauty. He began to be a little more Melancholick than he uſed to be; or to ſay better, he changed his Melancholy into a ſweet and reſtleſs penſiveneſs, and ſuch as men commonly fall into when a great paſſion begins to ſeize them. He well percieved in himſelf this change of humour, and was diſpleaſed thereat; yet not ſo much as he would have been, had he fully known the cauſe of it. However he made ſome reflexions on the complaiſance that he had for the Princeſs; and ſeemed indeed to have touched the right ſtring, when he helped to beguile himſelf: In effect, after ſo many marks of goodneſs as *Catharine* had ſhewed him, he thought there could be no great danger in thoſe little offices which he rendred her; and which

which he believed to be rather testimonies of Gratitude than Love; but the effects which great obligations produce, are easily known; and though they make deep impression on generous Souls, yet all things have their limits; and it is no hard matter to distinguish that which flows from Love, from the effects of a Heart that is only grateful. Neither did *Tudor* long continue in his error; and the earnest desire he had to be in all places where *Catharine* was, convinced him that civility did not commonly lead men so far; but that some extraordinary matter must needs have invaded his thoughts. That consideration made him afraid; so that endeavouring to prevent the troublesome consequences that might ensue from it, He employed all means to stifle his Affection in the Birth; and proposed to his own Imagination every thing that might represent to him the fatal effects of

that attempt. But none, but ſuch as have never been in Love, can think that from ſuch like enterpriſes any ſucceſs is to be expected; and experience does too plainly evince, that Love is like to thoſe ſnares, wherein the more men ſtrive to get out, the more they entangle themſelves.

Tudor had the ſame Fate as others have had; and all his reaſonings ſerved only to render him more Amorous. The Charms of *Catharine* preſenting themſelves in vaſt numbers to his memory, he conceived ſo agreeable an Idea of the Princeſſes perfections, as ſuddenly got the abſolute Victory over his weakneſs. He found a Thouſand delights in the converſation of that fair one; and in her Company he ſo much forgot the thoughts of all his misfortunes, that his greateſt care was how he might appear agreeable to her Eyes. He was no more *Tudor* whom ambition tormented Day and Night;

and

and that Paſſion which had ſo cruelly racked his Heart, ſince the firſt time that he had given way to it, gave place to thoſe Sentiments, which to tender and affectionate Souls have far greater charms than the moſt glorious and magnificent Crowns. But how, ſaid that Prince ſometimes to himſelf: Doſt thou conſider, *Tudor*, what thou art about to do? what courſe is this thou art like to follow? Do Conquerours propoſe to thee this way to ſubdue thine enemies? what a ſhame is it for a Prince continued he, to give way to his pleaſures, when his chief care ſhould be to remount the Throne; and what a Joy will it be to *Henry*, when he ſhall underſtand that *Tudor* delights in ſervitude, at the ſame time when all his endeavours ſhould be to ſhake off his Fetters. But thou art miſtaken, *Owen!* replied he immediately; thy deſires are not to be condemned; and may not there be as much

much Policy as weakneſs in them; if they be rightly conſidered? is it not natural to implore the aſſiſtance of Neighbours when ſtrength is wanting at home? and where canſt thou imagine to find greater ſupport than in an Alliance with *Charles*, if thou couldſt be ſo happy as to obtain it?

But theſe thoughts were not ſo well confirmed in his mind, as to baniſh all his troubles and diſtruſt. He began to reflect on the greatneſs of *Catharine*, and his own miſery; and was not ſo blinded with ſelf-love, but that he knew very well that ſuch a Princeſs as ſhe was, merited all that he could pretend to, though he had been actually poſſeſſed of Ten Provinces; each of them as great as that for which he had taken Arms. He reſolved therefore to ſuffer without ſpeaking: and as there is nothing ſo bitter as deſires without hopes, ſo it is not eaſie to conceive the pitiful

pitiful eſtate to which he was reduced. He reſolved oftner than once to retire from Court; but having caſt his Eyes upon all the places whither he might convey his wretched Fortune, he found every where ſo little ſecurity for his perſon, that neceſſity obliged him to remain where he was.

It was ſoon perceived that his ſadneſs was extraordinary; but every one knew the condition of his Affairs: and they were deſperate enough to hinder any from ſuſpecting other grounds of his diſcontents, than what were viſible to all men. All made it their buſineſs to comfort him; and *Catharine* her ſelf, who felt a kind of affectionate pitie for that Prince, which ſhe had never before felt for any, told him, that one ſhould not be ſo much dejected at the accidents of Fortune; ſeeing daily experience made appear, that nothing was more fickle and

uncon-

unconſtant, and that he ſhould be perſwaded, that ſhe often heaped her favours on him whom ſhe had immediately before oppreſſed with afflictions.

Tudor anſwered as he ought to that obliging Diſcourſe of the Princeſs; but being reſolved not to diſcover to her the ſecrets of his heart, thought it enough to hint to her in the general, that his troubles were far different from what ſhe believed; and that the greater ambition one had for high matters, the more lamentable it was to ſee ones ſelf out of hopes of attaining to them.

Their converſation was not very long; but as it ſerved to poyſon the wounds of *Tudor*, ſo it began to work ſtrange effects in the Heart of *Catharine*: for ſeeing pitie does inſenſibly accuſtom us to tender Sentiments, that Princeſs did habituate her ſelf to a gentle compaſſion for *Tudor*; and thought her ſelf only affected

fected with his misfortunes, when ſhe became ſenſible of his merit. That Prince was indeed endowed with moſt engaging qualities; for beſides the excellent Beauty and Comelineſs of Body, he poſſeſſed a gentile and pleaſant Wit, which eaſily inſinuates, and contributes as much to the Conqueſt of Hearts, as all the ſparkling Luſtre of the World. The Princeſs on her part fell likewiſe into a kind of penſiveneſs; and if *Tudor* had taken that opportunity to ſpeak to her of his Love, ſhe would certainly have heard him with pleaſure; and that wretched Prince would have found ſome comfort to his miſeries, in the kind uſage that he might have received from her. But he flattered not himſelf ſo much, as to venture on ſpeaking; and thought it enough to give evidence of his paſſion by his Aſſiduities and Services. In the mean while the Princeſs took particular notice of his deport-

ment;

ment; and I cannot tell whether *Tudor* were more amorous, or *Catharine* more grateful. But their procedure added more than one half to their affliction: and they had long felt all the pains of Love, without taſting of it's ſweetneſs, if the death of the King of *England* had not given them occaſion, by that which happened afterward, to make known to one another their mutual Sentiments.

After the death of that Prince, his Son *Henry* the Fifth ſucceeded to the Crown. He ſet himſelf at firſt to the procuring of his Subjects quiet; and having ordered all things at home, reſolved to make War, or elſe to eſtabliſh a good and ſolid peace with *France*. He ſent Ambaſſadors to *Charles*, with propoſitions of ſome accommodation betwixt them, concerning the differences that his Father had always had with him during his Reign; and at the ſame time de-

demanded the Princeſs *Catharine* his Daughter in Marriage.

The Ambaſſadors were no ſooner arrived at *Paris*, but that all people knew the cauſe of their coming. *Tudor* took the alarm very hot; and the Princeſs was ſo troubled at the overture, that ſhe could not forbear to make appear her averſion to the Marriage. She was obſerved to weep inceſſantly; and one day when *Tudor* went to pay her a viſit, he found her upon the Bed, overwhelmed with ſuch grief as could not be matched. He ſaluted her with much reſpect; and drawing near, What is the reaſon, Madam, ſaid he, of ſo great dejection? and do theſe lovely Eyes think it time to look ſad, when they ought to ſparkle with the glory of their Conqueſts? It is true, continued he, all the Crowns of the Earth have nothing that comes near your merit: Nevertheleſs there are Charms in a Diadem; and a Princeſs may reſt ſatis-

ſatisfied with the Crown of *England*, without fear of being ſuſpected to want a noble Ambition? Were I like *Tudor*, anſwered ſhe coldly, I know very well that I ſhould ſacrifice all other intereſts to Ambition; and that the concerns which one ought to have for Relations ſhould not much perplex me: But ſeeing my temper is different from his; neither can I agree with him in opinion; and perhaps Mine——— Ah, how are you miſtaken, Madam! in thinking ſo, ſaid the Prince interrupting her; and how little do you know *Tudor*, if you think that the deſire of Reigning is all his Paſſion? I confeſs, continued he, the time has been, when I was only ambitious; but there happen many changes in ones life; and it is very hard amidſt the Beauties which are to be found at the Court of *France*, to entertain no other deſires but for glory; or rather it is very difficult not to forget it abſolutely,

ſolutely, when one begins to feel an inclination for a lovely Lady. You do indeed ſurpriſe me, anſwered the Princeſs; and I ſhould never have ſuſpected that you were in love. One is often miſtaken, replied *Tudor*; but I intend to undeceive you, and make you acknowledg that I am much more to be pitied than you think of. You know, Madam, continued the Prince, that the misfortune of War having obliged me to flie for refuge to the Court of the King your Father; I was no ſooner arrived here, but that I found what I had never ſeen elſewhere. The men appeared to me extreamly civil and well bred; and the Ladies (to my Fancie) performed all they ſet about with ſo good Air, that I thought other Countries deſtitute of the Politeneſs which was to be found in *France*. I made it my work to obſerve things more narrowly, that I might from them frame to my ſelf a pattern for my

my conduct; but how dangerous is it ſo attentively to conſider objects of great worth! I ſaw a lovely Brown, who raviſhed me with her charms, and robbed me of my Heart: Pardon me, Madam, if I tell you not all her Amiable qualities; for it is above my power: and nothing but my Heart is able to tell it ſelf, how many are her charming perfections. I will only aſſure you by the by, that never was Lady more Beautiful, nor Witty; and that as there is none in the World ſo accompliſhed, ſo never was Paſſion more reſpectful and ſincere than the Love I have for her.

With theſe words the Prince held his peace; and the Princeſs, who had Love enough for him to make her conceive ſome jealouſie by that Diſcourſe, being deſirous to diſcover who that Rival was: I perceive ſaid ſhe, *Tudor*, you are diſcreet in your Amours; for having told us the perfections

fections of your Miſtreſs; you are pleaſed to conceal from us her name, and your own happineſs. It is not for the reaſon that you imagine, Madam, anſwered *Tudor*, that I tell you no more. I underſtand my ſelf; and that was enough to keep me from having farther proceeded with the perſon of whom I ſpake. In effect, ſo great is the difference betwixt her merit and the defects of *Tudor*, that I think he will never ſo much miſtake himſelf as to dare ſpeak to her of his paſſion. That Lady muſt needs be of great quality, replied *Catharine*, (being deſirous to engage him to declare himſelf) that a Prince ſtands in ſo great awe of her; and for my part, I know none that ſhould oblige him to ſo great a reſerve. I am not of your opinion, Madam, replied *Tudor*; and to my grief, I know one who deſerves that one ſhould do greater matters for her. But what do you mean by that?

that? replyed the Princeſs. I mean, Madam, anſwered *Tudor*, that my actions ſhould make her ſenſible of my Love rather than my words; and my ſatisfaction would be great, if by all the ways of reſpect and ſubmiſſion, I might ever engage that fair one to pitie me.

The Princeſs who imagined not before, that *Tudor* deſigned her by his Diſcourſe, began now to ſuſpect it; and being willing to inform her ſelf: Prince, ſaid ſhe; this way of reaſoning is not juſt; if I were in your place, I ſhould take another courſe; and a Lover that by his ſilence can work upon his Miſtreſs, never diſobliges her by declaring his Love, when he does it with all civility and reſpect. In this, Madam, anſwered the Prince, I have ſome doubts of your ſincerity; and perhaps you would be the firſt to take it ill, if ſuch a thing happened.

Theſe words confirmed the Princeſs

ceſs more and more in her ſuſpicion; ſhe was deſirous to have no more ground of doubting; and ſpeaking again: *Tudor*, ſaid ſhe, I perceive you know me not; I never ſpeak but what I think; and the averſion that I have made appear to the Marriage lately propoſed to the King my Father, ought to convince you that I am an Enemy to all kind of diſſimulation. That Diſcourſe made *Tudor* change his deſign of concealing his Love; he found that he could never meet with ſo fair an occaſion of declaring himſelf; and laying hold of the opportunity offered him by Fortune, Well then, Madam, replied he, I muſt believe you; for indeed it would be too hard for me to keep my ſelf longer under conſtraint; and it is my duty to acknowledg my raſhneſs, in declaring that I adore you; and that none but the Princeſs *Catharine* could ever touch the Heart of the Prince of *Wales*.

Be-

Believe it, Madam, this Heart is immoveable to all but your ſelf; and it is my Fate that a King of *England* ſhould ſtrip me of all my felicities: but let him freely enjoy the fruits of my overthrow, provided he ſuffer me to enjoy the ſight of my deareſt Princeſs.

Tudor ſaid no more; but made appear to *Catharine* ſo much Love in his Looks, that ſhe could no longer liſten to the reſidue of an expiring ſtatelineſs, which would have obliged her to diſguiſe her Sentiments. She made known to him, by a Glance, the Flame that was in her Heart; and at length overcoming her own humour: Alas! why did you not ſpeak ſooner, ſaid ſhe; and why have you delayed ſo long to diſcover to me a matter which at another time would have pleaſed me ſo well? Believe it, Prince, continued ſhe, I would willingly have heard you; and perhaps had I never

ver known you I ſhould not have had ſo great an Averſion to match with *England*. But after ſo free a confeſſion, entertain no ſiniſter Judgment of me; make uſe of it only to break off my Marriage: conſult your Friends, and ſo manage Affairs that there may be a ſtop put to an Alliance, which if it take effect, will coſt me the quiet of my whole Life. Ah! Madam, anſwered *Tudor*; how happy do you make me, by the goodneſs which you ſhew me! but how ſhort will this happineſs prove by the obſtacles I foreſee therein! For in a word, what can I do in this conjuncture? you know that the Houſe of *Orleans* has at preſent the advantage of that of *Burgundy*, to which I have addicted my ſelf; and that I have no authority with thoſe that determine Affairs of that nature. But have you your ſelf no power left, continued he, to oppoſe that which thwarts your inclinations: and muſt

you demand assistance from one who expects his relief from you? What would you have me do, replyed the Princess; and are you so ignorant of the duty of Persons of my Quality, as not to know my Inability? No, *Tudor*, expect no more from me; I have an esteem, and perhaps something more for you; but I shall suffer my self to be led to the Sacrifice, if it be so resolved; and I had rather have it said, that *Catharine* is Unfortunate; than that she should be accused of failing in her duty. Well then, Madam, replied *Tudor*, it is your pleasure that I die; I must obey you; and that is indeed the only ease I find in my calamities. Oppress me no more, replied the Princess; it is not well done to encrease my sorrows: Bestir your self rather, if you Love me. Love has many secret ways of succeeding in enterprises, and there is nothing impossible to those who truly feel it.

Here

Here ended the Converſation of thoſe two Amorous Perſons; they parted fully ſatisfied with one another; but with ſmall hopes of a better Fortune. In the mean time *Tudor* ſpread reports at Court, that the Marriage of *Henry* and *Catharine*, was no wayes advantageous for *France*, That that Prince was but the Son of an Uſurper; that the Houſe of *York*, which was diſpoſſeſſed of the Crown, was ſtill ſtrong enough to regain the Scepter; and that in Fine the laſt words of the dying King to his Son, ſhould make him rather think of giving back what he had gotten, than of demanding ſuch ridiculous matters as were propoſed by his Ambaſſadours. I cannot tell whether theſe rumours that were in every bodies mouth, made any impreſſion on the Counſel; or that the pretenſions of the King of *England* ſeemed not very reaſonable. But in a word, his Mi-

niſters returned without effectuating any thing. It is hard to imagine how great the joy of our Lovers was; but they failed not to make it known to one another in its full extent; and by mutual aſſurances of Love began to forget their paſt troubles, when of a ſudden they found themſelves more than ever expoſed to the cruelty of Fortune.

Henry incenſed at the refuſal of giving him *Catharine* in Marriage, leavied a powerful Army. He landed in *Normandy*, where he put all to Fire and Sword; and having taken ſome places by the way, he marched towards *Callis*. He fought a great Battel at *Agincourt*, and obtained the Victory: afterward he waſted all *Picardy*; laid Siege to the Citie of *Roan*; and there was no doubt but that he would have carried it, had not they who had the Adminiſtration of the Affairs of *France*, being ſurprized at ſo many Con-

Conqueſts, endeavoured in good earneſt to find means to put a ſtop to that Victorious Prince. And finding no more ready remedy for the Calamities that threatned their Country, than to appeaſe the Rage of the Conquerour; Ambaſſadours were ſent to his Camp to beg Peace of him, and to offer him *Catharine*.

This was a cruel Blow for our Lovers; and the ſorrow that appeared on their Countenance, gave ſigns enough, if it had been obſerved, that both were extreamly troubled. Well then, Princeſs, ſaid *Tudor* one day to *Catharine*, now is the time come that I muſt loſe you; and Fate has only given me a little Reprieve to let me know the greatneſs of that felicitie which it had appointed for another? Why have you not been altogether Cruel? Continued he; or rather why are you but kind by halves; and how can it

be that one tenderly Loves, as you profeſs, and in the mean time reſolves to forſake the beloved object? Ah! *Tudor*, be ſparing in your cenſures, replied the Princeſs; my afflictions are too great that I ſhould need other preſſures; and your reproaches are too unjuſt that I ſhould ſuffer them, and ſurvive my grief. Let us be unhappy, if Heaven hath ſo decreed; but let us not contribute any thing that may make us loſe the eſteem which we have for one another: You in giving me Counſels that go againſt my Reputation; and I in liſtening to them. I am already but too much enclined to believe you, continued ſhe, to make me diſtruſt my ſtrength; and I have ſo often repreſented to my ſelf the pleaſure that I might have had in living with you, that I am much afraid I ſhall project to my ſelf nothing but horrours with all beſides your ſelf: if you ſtill perſiſt

to

to bring them to my mind. Help me rather to overcome my ſelf; and believe, Prince, that this is the occaſion wherein one really deſerves pity; ſeeing, after all the effects of my Virtue, I ſtand in need ſtill of aſſiſtance to overcome my weakneſs. I confeſs, Madam, anſwered the Prince, I muſt admire you for theſe Sentiments, and grant them to proceed from the moſt generous Princeſs that ever was; but grant me likewiſe, that if I have not ſo great a Soul, yet I have perhaps more tenderneſs than you have. I am in the wrong, added hē, to preſs you ſo much; and it is misbecoming a Prince who has no other Fortune but in his hopes, to deſire to ſnatch from a Princeſs a Crown which is in her offer: it has certainly more charms than one is aware of; and it muſt needs be of ſmall value, if it were to be forſaken for the forlorn eſtate of *Tudor*.

Theſe words which he uttered with ſome ſullenneſs, made the Princeſs ſenſible he was jealous; ſhe was willing to cure him of that fatal paſſion; and looking on him with an obliging Aſpect, What is it, Prince, ſaid ſhe, that you ſuſpect me of; and what ſigns of Ambition have I given you, that you ſhould think me ſo much inclined to it, as you make me to be? Baniſh ſuch thoughts far from you, if you love your own repoſe; and if you will give your ſelf any trouble for mine, hinder the ſucceſs of that Treaty which is to be ſet on foot at the interview of the two Kings. You may do ſomewhat in that matter; and you are in ſo good terms with the Houſe of *Burgundy*, which is now again reſtored to the Government of the State, that with the help of that Family you may hope to ſucceed in your undertaking. Theſe words reaſſured the Prince, who caſt-

caſting himſelf at her feet, Pardon, Madam, ſaid he, an Unfortunate Lover, who knows not whom to blame for his Calamities; and conſider that it is very difficult to be deeply in Love, and not to be a little jealous. Believe me, my dear Princeſs, I ſhall employ all the Friends I have to hinder that fatal Marriage: and I have ſo great intereſt in it, as may, I think, make you believe that I ſhall omit nothing which may contribute to it's rupture.

At the ſame time he took leave of her, and went ſtraight to the Palace of the Duke of *Burgundy*; where he found that Prince more afflicted for the Calamities of *France* than he expected; and perceiving him reſolved to employ his utmoſt endeavours to hinder its ruin, I rejoyce, my Lord, ſaid he, at your good intentions; and doubt not of the Kingdoms ſafety, now that you

make it your care: But remember that there depends much on diligence in preventing a diſadvantageous Treaty, to which the weakneſs of the King will it may be oblige him; and which will not be eaſily remedied if once concluded. You have reaſon, Prince, anſwered the Duke of *Burgundy*; but there are many things to be done before I can be in a condition to act as I ſhould. What greater matters are to be done then, replied *Tudor*; and if you were reconciled with the *Dolphin*, might ye not Unite your Forces, and make head againſt the common Enemy of your Country? Yes, anſwered the Duke; but the difficulty will be, to bring us to good terms together: I ſhall endeavour it, if you pleaſe, replied *Tudor*; and am perſwaded that I ſhall not meet with ſo many Lets in it as you imagine. You will thereby oblige me, replied the Duke, and

and I ſhall be always ready to do all that my honour and duty can allow.

Tudor thereupon left him that he might go to the *Dolphin*; and having found him in the ſame diſpoſition that he had left the Duke of *Burgundy* in, he made them Friends in appearance, and retarded for ſome time at leaſt his own misfortune.

The reconciliation of theſe two Princes put *France* in ſome hopes again: Yet it hindered not but that the two Kings upon a ceſſation of Arms, attended by the chief of their Court, met in the Park of *Meulan*; where they reſolved to have a conference for facilitating the peace. The Queen followed after, and carried the Princeſs with her. The *Engliſh* beheld her with admiration; and there were but few of them that found not by experience how dangerous it is too narrowly to conſider

ſider an amiable perſon. But amongſt all thoſe who admired her Beauty, no man was certainly more ſenſibly ſmitten than the Duke of *Gloceſter*; that Prince, who was Brother to the King of *England*, and, by his Rank and Quality at Court, had the greateſt ſhare in the management of Affairs, no ſooner viewed *Catharine*, but was charmed by her perfections. He reſolved at firſt to acquaint her with the Sentiments he entertained for her; and ſeeing the marriage of the Princeſs was to be one of the firſt Articles of the Treaty then in agitation, he thought he had no time to loſe in taking a good reſolution. And therefore having rendred a viſit to the Queen, he diſcourſed with *Catharine* in a place where their converſation could not be overheard. *It is ſo hard, Madam*, ſaid he to her, *to ſee you, and not to feel ſome particular emotion; that I think I ſhall*

ſhall not much ſurpriſe you, when I tell you, that you have before you a Prince who is abſolutely at your diſpoſal. It is not, added he, *by the multitude of words that I pretend to make good what I ſay; my actions ſhall far better make known to you my Sentiments, than all the diſcourſes that I can make. Conſider only, Madam, wherein you think fit to employ me; and believe that I have ſo much authority in the Conference that is held to day, as to ſway matters to what ſide I ſhall incline.*

The Princeſs was ſurpriſed at that Compliment; and having expected no ſuch thing, nor well underſtood the meaning of it, ſhe was for ſome time put to a plunge, what anſwer to make to the Duke: But having at length pauſed upon it a little, *Really Prince*, ſaid ſhe, *you are the moſt obliging perſon alive. It is ſeldom found that enemies offer to turn their arms againſt themſelves;* how-

however you run no Risk on this occaſion, I am none of thoſe that will, to your coſt, make advantage of your civilities, and ſtudy the intereſt of my Country by an action which would ſomewhat diminiſh your glory. I perceive, Madam, anſwered the Duke, *that I have not expreſſed my ſelf ſo as to be underſtood. It is not in favour of the King your Father, that I have offered you my Services in this place; and I am leſs concerned for the Intereſts of my Princes Crown, than for thoſe of his heart. It is needleſs, I think, to explain my ſelf more clearly: conſult about that which may affect yours; and if the deſigns which* Henry *hath on your perſon, have nothing in them that can flatter you; I make no difficulty, Madam, to tell you, I know how to ſatisfie you; and a Prince who would give his life to contribute in the leaſt to your content, will not find great difficulty to divert the blow which may render you*

you unhappy. I am ſtill more obliged to you than I thought, replied the Princeſs; *ſince you confine to me alone the Sentiments which I extended to others. But in fine, Prince, though my inclinations were contrary to the Alliance that is in agitation to day, you know that it would be undecent for me to diſcover them, and that a Princeſs of my quality ought with pleaſure ſacrifice her ſelf to the publick good. Have a care, Madam, of being miſtaken*, replyed the Prince, *and embrace not the ſhadow of virtue, for virtue it ſelf. I know very well*, added he, *that when one hath once made a choice, all pains are to be endured rather than to give any mark of repentance; but the caſe is not a like in a matter that is not as yet concluded: and untill it be finally ended, we may forbear ſuch things as would coſt us the repoſe of our Life, if we did them contrary to our inclination. There is nothing, Sir*, anſwered

anſwered *Catharine*, *which is inconſiſtent with the inclination of a Princeſs; and the hearts of Perſons of that quality ſhould be of the nature of Wax, whereon Princes may ſtamp all that they judge advantageous for the grandure of their Crowns. Theſe are indeed brave Sentiments, Madam*, replied the Duke of *Gloceſter*; *but Deſtiny ſometimes oppoſes ſo great generoſity; and ſeeing it inſpires into us Love and Averſion, according as it pleaſes, we find often in our ſelves hatred for that which is appointed for us; and have often alſo an inclination for the thing we are denied. It were far better, Madam*, added he, *to render your ſelf Miſtreſs of your own fortune, and without ſeeming to affect any thing in particular, as you may do to day; to make uſe of the aſſiſtance that is offered you, that you may perhaps thereby prevent your own misfortune. How Prince*, replied *Catharine*; *have I nothing*

but

but appearances to anſwer for; and can a Princeſs be ſatisfied with her ſelf, when ſhe can upbraid her ſelf with ſuch an eſcape? In fine, Madam, anſwered the Duke, *I ſee you are not to be convinced by my reaſons; and that it is as eaſie for you to overcome me in converſation, as it was to triumph on my heart: but conſider a little what I have ſaid to you, and think not that ſo ſmall a matter, from which you are to expect all the happineſs or miſery of your Life.*

As he made an end of theſe words, he roſe; and having made a low reverence, retired to the Camp, and left *Catharine* in a muſing fit; into which the diſcourſe of that Prince had caſt her. She bethought her ſelf what it might be that could make him ſpeak in that manner; and making no doubt but that it was ſome ſmall eſteem, that he had for her, She found her ſelf in great perplexity what courſe to take in that

that conjuncture: For on the one hand, ſhe would not have been vexed, if there had been no progreſs made in the Conference; and on the other, ſhe would have been glad to have had no obligation to the Duke; and not to have been expoſed to a complaiſance which he would certainly have expected from her; if he had once found himſelf in a condition of doing her ſervice. She would not truſt her own Judgment, as to the reſolution which ſhe ought to take concerning that; but writ an account to *Tudor*, who was obliged to ſtay at *Paris*, of the conference ſhe had had with the Duke. Though that Lover had ground to praiſe the carriage of *Catharine*, yet he could not forbear at firſt to fall into ſome jealouſie: But giving way at length to his Reaſon over his Chimerical Fancies, he not only adviſed the Princeſs to make uſe of the Dukes offers,

offers, but prayed her likewiſe not to ſpare her prayers, (if there was need of them) to incline him to break up that Conference which put him into deſpair. *Catharine* having had the conſent of *Tudor*, made no more ſcruple; and was reſolved to make her thoughts known to the Duke, the next viſit that he ſhould be pleaſed to render her.

However that Prince was not ſo fully determined what to do, as the Princeſs was; and though ſhe had given him no ground of diving into her thoughts, yet he judged that glory was more the cauſe of the reſiſtance ſhe teſtified, than any inclination ſhe had for the King his Brother. And deliberating afterward if it would be more to his advantage, that ſhe ſhould Marry that young Prince, or that he ſhould ſtart difficulties to obſtruct the Alliance; he at firſt reſolved to ſuffer the matter to take its courſe: And thought

thought it his intereſt rather to ſee *Catharine* Queen to his Brother, than to leave her in *France*, and be for ever deprived of the ſight of her; but ſeeing men commonly are not apt to renounce their hopes ſo long as they have any ground to entertain them; the Duke of *Gloceſter* took ſuddenly a reſolution quite contrary to the intention he ſeemed to be in a little before. He conſidered with himſelf that he was not far from the Crown; and backing a great deal of Love with a little Ambition, he imagined that he might hope to enjoy himſelf, what he was about to abandon to another, if he ſuffered the Conference to proceed too far. That conſideration was enough to make him play his part; but though in that he had a greater reſpect to his own than the intereſts of the Princeſs, yet he was willing to give her the honour of it; and having ren-

rendred her a Viſit: Well, Madam, ſaid he, (after the uſual Ceremonies that paſs between perſons of that quality,) Do you ſtill continue in the opinion you were in the other day; and do you believe that one is obliged in Ceremonie to do the quite contrary of what they deſire? You have had time, added he, to think on't; and conſidering your natural perſpicacity, Give me leave to tell you that, it would be a head-ſtrong obſtinacy, ſtill to continue in the ſame thoughts. You preſs me too hard, replied the Princeſs; and cannot you permit, Sir, that people ſhould ſatisfie their duty, without putting of them in mind what it may coſt them. I was willing to follow mine without looking back, if you had not ſtopt me in my Career; and *Catharine* had not known what it is to declare her will, if a civil and obliging Prince had not perſwaded her that

that it is neceſſary for her repoſe once in her Life to do ſo. Yes, Madam, I tell you once more, anſwered the Duke; and I thank Heaven that, in ſo important an action as this in agitation, your eyes are opened. Reflect a little upon the Croſſes you were about to expoſe your ſelf to, by affecting a falſe virtue; and how many times you would have accuſed your ſelf of being the cauſe of your own pains. How much is a Princeſs of your diſpoſition to be pitied, when ſhe is conſtrained to put on the Fetters that Policie hath made; and how much do I blame, as to that, the actions of the greateſt men in the world, who without minding their own inclination, daily ſacrifice themſelves to a weak reaſon of ſtate. How dear do they buy, added he, that vain glory, which they are willing to purchaſe at the coſt of their heart; and how often do they

blame

blame themſelves for having deprived their own ſatisfaction of the delights that are to be taſted in an happy Union. Ah! Madam, continued the Duke, is there any thing more ſenſible than theſe ſecret rebukes that men give themſelves: and when Perſons have a right frame of Spirit, and Diſcretion, ſhould they not purſue that ſole pleaſure which is to be found in a ſincere and affectionate engagement? Ah! Sir, replied the Princeſs, let us not, I beſeech you, condeſcend on ſo many particulars; I am afraid, for a reaſon that concerns my ſelf, that I ſhall come off with trouble; though there were not a great many more that might make me condemn my conduct; which probably I may be the firſt my ſelf to diſlike. We ſhould not too much reflect on things, to which our inclination rather than duty moves us; and the way to make us again em-

embrace them, is to be convinced that we have unſeaſonably forſaken them. I diſtruſt not, Madam, the Juſtice of my Cauſe, replied the Duke; and I can maintain it againſt all men living: but I ſhall ſay no more. For your part, Madam, I only beg of you to conſider that in the way of procedure that I intend to follow in reſpect of my King, I ought not to be ſo much blamed as I ſhall quickly be, becauſe the Rules of Duty, and Intereſt of Blood are of no value, when a Man is ſmitten with ſo lovely Eyes as yours. Believe it, Madam, the Intrigue of the Conference proceeds from them; and if the Duke of *Gloceſter* had never ſeen them, he would have had no other thoughts but to facilitate a good accommodation, and to hinder the ſtreams of Blood that will flow from this Rupture. Ah! Good God, Sir, cried the Princeſs, let matters continue as they are, rather

rather than I ſhould be the cauſe of ſo many Calamities. The diſorders that will follow, Madam, are not to be imputed to you, ſaid the Duke; for the Duke of *Gloceſter* has the greateſt hand in them. It is his affection that will ſuddenly be the cauſe of that which ſhall be ſeen by all *Europe*; and his Love is ſo great, as that of himſelf he would have produced theſe great effects, though you had never given your conſent to it. I recall it, Sir, replied the Princeſs; and I had rather ſpend my dayes in Sorrow, than ſuffer ſo many people to become miſerable for the Love of me. Would to God, Madam! anſwered the Prince, you had as much compaſſion for the Duke of *Gloceſter*, as you have for thoſe you know not; and that what I really ſuffer might move you to as much pity, as an Evil which is no where as yet but in the Imagination. How

willingly ſhould I expoſe my ſelf to troubles, and how well ſhould I be rewarded for it, if the Princeſs *Catharine* might be one day heard ſay, *It is for my ſake that the Duke of* Gloceſter *hath ſacrificed his Country, and he would have alwayes conſidered the Intereſts of his Prince as his own, if he had never loved me*; But I am in the wrong, added he, Madam, to deſire rewards, ſeeing as yet I have deſerved none; and I ſhould be inexcuſable, were it not that, by an anticipating Idea, all the Services I intend to render you, are ſo conſpicuous and preſent in my Imagination, that I flatter my ſelf to have already obliged you to ſome kind of acknowledgment.

Having ſo ſaid, he held his peace; and the Princeſs by his ſilence being put to a plunge, knew not what to anſwer, till after ſome little force that ſhe put upon her ſelf; at length ſhe ſpake to him in theſe terms.

It

It is needleſs, Sir, to render me all the ſervices whereof you ſpeak, to engage me to that which I owe you; and conſidering the way how you have behaved your ſelf towards me, I muſt needs be very ungrateful if I acknowledged not my obligations to you. Time will afford me means to give you Teſtimonies of my gratitude: In the mean time believe it, Prince, I have no ſuch inclinations as can move me to forget the favours I have received. The Duke thanked the Princeſs for the Marks ſhe gave him of her goodneſs; and having told her a thouſand things concerning his paſſion, he took his leave, that he might go and beſtir himſelf about the matters he had promiſed. He omitted nothing; and wrought ſo well upon the minds of thoſe with whom he had to do, that the *Engliſh* having added new demands to thoſe which they had already made

in the beginning of the conference; it was finally broken up. Afterward both parties prepared themſelves for all the Acts of Hoſtility that War can admit of; and the Duke of *Gloceſter* having ſeen the Princeſs, and given her new proteſtations of Love, followed the *Engliſh* Camp.

Our Lovers being thus delivered from the diſquiets into which theſe long Negotiations had put them, conſulted what meaſures to take for their future ſecurity; and after much deliberation, they thought that to ſet them above fear, they ſhould Eſſay all means to make their deſigns approved; and then agreed betwixt themſelves about the courſe they ſhould take to accompliſh what they projected: So that at length it was reſolved, that *Tudor* ſhould uſe his utmoſt endeavours to get into favour with Madam *de Giack*, who was one that had the aſcendant

dant upon the Duke of *Burgundy*, and whoſe friendſhip the *Dolphin* courted alſo ſecretly. *Tudor* found no difficulty in gaining the good Opinion of that Lady; but ſhe thought it not convenient to ſpeak of his Love as yet; the times ſeemed unfit for Marriages, whilſt all the Kingdom was in Confuſion. And ſhe had reaſon indeed; for what ground was there to give new occaſions of fury to the King of *England*. Would not that have been to have put all *France* in Fire, which was but already too much Haraſſed, by giving *Catharine* in Marriage, after ſhe had been refuſed to a Prince, whoſe Love had perhaps contributed as much to the War, as his Ambition? Madam *de Giack* brought *Tudor* to conſent to her Opinion; and promiſed to him that ſo long as ſhe had any credit with the great men, there ſhould be no-

thing done in prejudice of his intereſts.

Theſe Aſſurances gave the Prince ſome comfort; who acquainted *Catharine* with the ſucceſs he had had with that Lady. They reſted both ſatisfied, finding that it was impoſſible for them to do better; but the ſmall tranquillity which they enjoyed, was ſhortly diſturbed by great troubles. *Tudor* who perſiſted in rendering Viſits to Madam *de Giack*, and in the proſpect of his Affairs, omitted nothing that might oblige her; did ſuddenly, in the Opinion of *Catharine*, do too much. To encreaſe the Jealouſie of the Princeſs, ſhe was told alſo that the Prince was in Love with that Lady; but that he loſt no labour, and that ſhe had at leaſt as great a kindneſs for him as he could have for her. Theſe reports wrought the effect that one may expect;

expect; and ſeeing the Princeſs had a tender Love for *Tudor*, ſhe reſented cruelly his pretended infidelity. He quickly percieved that ſomething troubled her mind; and being conſcious to himſelf of no Diſloyalty, he accoſted her with a Countenance that ſpake the Integrity of his proceedings. How, Madam, ſaid he; are not we croſſed enough by Fortune? And muſt we, during this ſmall Interval of Tranquility, create to our ſelves troubles and afflictions? Whence ariſes this change that I obſerve in the Looks of my Princeſs; and knows ſhe not that the leaſt ſign of melancholy that *Tudor* percieves there, is enough to embitter the greateſt felicity of his Life? He ſaid no more; nor expected any thing leſs than reproaches, when the Princeſs with a fierce aſpect; Do you ſtill pretend, ſaid ſhe, to abuſe me? and do you think that

I am ſo ill informed of your treacheries as to believe your words? How, Madam, replied *Tudor*; does my Princeſs accuſe me; and can ſhe ſuſpect me guilty of any thing contrary to my Love? Ah! Madam, continued he, then is all my comfort gone; and it is enough that I have once diſpleaſed you, to deprive me of all Joy for the reſt of my Life. Theſe words which he feelingly uttered, put *Catharine* into ſome trouble; and ſeeing ſhe earneſtly deſired that he might Juſtifie himſelf, ſhe was willing to give him the occaſion; ſo that reſuming her Diſcourſe, How, Prince, ſaid ſhe, I am in the wrong then; and do you take it to be a great ſign of Love, to forſake me for Madam *de Giack*? Is not ſhe the cauſe that you have almoſt forgot a Princeſs, who (had it been at her own choice) would have left all to have followed you? There is nevertheleſs,

leſs, I think, a great difference between her and me; and the moſt indifferent heart would make diſtinction betwixt a Friſking Lady, and a Princeſs who knows not what cunning is.

Tudor had much ado to forbear interrupting the Princeſs; but perceiving that ſhe had ended her Diſcourſe, How, Madam, ſaid he, all in ſurpriſe; do I Love Madam *de Giack* then? Upon what ground, I pray you, have you conceived ſuch a ſuſpicion? Have I ſo much as a thought but for my Princeſs? and the indifference which is obſerved in me for the reſt of Womankind, makes it not ſufficiently appear that you are the ſole Miſtreſs of my Soul? You know, Madam, continued he, that you obliged me to Viſit Madam *de Giack*; and though you were not in my Eyes the Loveliеſt Princeſs that ever was, Do you believe that I could be ſmit-

ten with a Lady who is known to be otherwayes engaged; and that *Tudor* is not ſo ambitious as to deſpiſe a Heart which he muſt ſhare with the Duke of *Burgundy*. A great deal of Policy with a little Love, replied *Catharine*, are many times ingredients in the Actions of Princes; and you ſhall ſee one that appears in the Eyes of many to be very paſſionate, who at the Heart is only filled with ambition. Baniſh that Opinion, anſwered *Tudor*; no body can anſwer that Article better than my ſelf. I know all your greatneſs; but if I ſuſpected that you gave Ear to any one who might ſpeak of Love to you, I ſhould value you no more; and in the lowneſs of your Soul ſhould find enough to make me forget the perfections of your perſon. Why then, replied the Princeſs, do you blame me; if I take it ill to ſee you entertain commerce with two Women

Women at one and the ſame time, and may not I be as nice as you are? Ah! Madam, anſwered the Prince; are you afraid that the Wound you have given me is not dangerous enough, unleſs you open it afreſh? I have already told you that I ſhould never have waited on Madam *de Giack*, but by your order; and if you had not, as well as I, thought it convenient for our Affairs, it ſhould never have entered into my thoughts to have rendered her a Viſit. But ſince, upon ſo weak a pretext as that, you take occaſion to break up with people, you ſhall Judge by the Conſequences what concerns I had with that Lady. I deſire not to break with you, replied immediately the Princeſs; and, ſo far from wiſhing you were guilty, I ſhall never have greater Joy than to find you innocent.

They told one another beſides a Thou-

Thouſand tender and paſſionate things; but at length came to an Accommodation, and parted afterward in as good intelligence as ever they were. However the Prince would not Viſit any more the Lady who had been the cauſe of their falling out; and he refuſed ſo long to do it, that it ſeemed he foreſaw the miſchief which he was to meet with on her account. But the Princeſs began quickly to regret that ſhe had broken a commerce which was ſo neceſſary to their deſigns. She was the firſt that prayed *Tudor* to renew it; and it was only for fear of another miſunderſtanding, that the Prince condeſcended to Viſit Madam *de Giack* again. Two dayes after he rendered her a Viſit; and needed not much time to regain the place that he had had in her eſteem. She repoſed even greater confidence in him, than ſhe had ever done before; and

and ſeeing he had concealed nothing from her of what moſt affected his Heart, She reſolved to do the like with him; and imparted to him the ſecret Love that ſhe had for the Duke of *Burgundy*. *Tudor* was raviſhed to be intruſted with that ſecret; and believed it might prove a means to oblige theſe two Lovers to concern themſelves the more in his Affairs. He did them many times great Services in ſome little Janglings they had together; and the Duke of *Burgundy* to repay his friends kindneſs, had a ſpecial care alſo to do him good offices with *Catharine*; and took all occaſions to perſwade the Princeſs that he would employ all his power, that nothing might be done to the prejudice of their Love.

They lived all with content enough, when that accurſed paſſion which had already wrought ſo much trouble to our Lovers, compleatly ruined

ruined their hopes. Madam *de Giack* was paſſionately in Love with the Duke; and as it is the property of Jealouſie to take Umbrage at every thing, That Lady believed that this Prince had a Paſſion for the Counteſs of *Foix*; and ſhe interpreted the marks of Civility which he rendered her, to be Teſtimonies of Affection. She began even to think him indifferent as to her; and it cannot be expreſſed what havock theſe thoughts made in her Soul. She fell at length into a furious Jealouſie; and thinking that the Duke ought to ſacrifice all things to her, ſhe carried towards him with ſo much haughtineſs, that having taken him up very briskly on ſeveral occaſions; the unhappy Lover was fain to leave off viſiting her, without being ever able to know the cauſe of his misfortune.

Tudor was no ſooner acquainted with

with theſe tranſactions, but that he laboured earneſtly to reconcile them; but he found all things ſo feſtered on both ſides, that when he ſpake of it to the Duke, he could draw no other reaſon from him, but that Madam *de Giack* was an ungrateful Lady; nor had he better ſucceſs with that Lady, for all the anſwer ſhe gave him was, that he knew not his friend, and that he was a very Traitor. He endeavoured to mitigate her anger, but without effect; and was obliged to retire without other information, but that he knew them to be at extream variance. However he was not much ſurpriſed at all this; and being acquainted with the ways of Lovers, he thought that a few dayes would make them friends again; and that all that was to be done was to give them time that themſelves might rub up again the affection that they had

mutu-

mutually for each other. He failed not to viſit them daily; but ſpoke not a word to them of their Quarrels, believing that an interview would be more proper to reconcile them, than all that he could ſay.

In the mean time matters continued as they were; and *Tudor* beginning to be apprehenſive that their differences might prove harder to be adjuſted, than he had imagined; thought it not fit to ſuffer theſe Lovers to accuſtom themſelves to Indifference, and took the reſolution the ſooner, becauſe he knew that the Duke and he were that very day to depart upon a little Journey. He went to Madam *de Giack*; and accoſting her with a Countenance full of heavineſs: And why, Madam, ſaid he, will you ſtill keep your friends in ſo much trouble? and though you had no eſteem for them, can you ſee a

Prince

Prince whom your cruelty brings to deſpair, ſuffer any longer? The Duke of *Burgundy* is no more himſelf; and it is to no purpoſe for him to affect a counterfit Serenity; all the Sentiments of his Heart are to be ſeen through his conſtraints; and it is no hard matter to Judge that he can have no content in his Life, if you take not quickly other meaſures with him. You are miſtaken, Sir, anſwered Madam *de Giack*; the Duke is not ſo paſſionate as you think: Obſerve if, after that he hath cruelly offended me, he hath made the leaſt ſtep to appeaſe my anger; and what would you ſay if you were in the place of a Lover, who upon the point of haughtineſs ſhould find that one ſtood it out with you? I would ſay, Madam, replied *Tudor*, that ſuch a Lover were paſſionately in Love with me; and being out of all patience that I ſhould have wrongfully

fully accuſed him: he was unwilling to come to Juſtifications, which are an uſual ſign of guilt. You loſe time, Sir, anſwered Madam *de Giack*; and what pains ſoever you take to excuſe your friend, you ſhall never perſwade me that he Loves me; ſeeing after that he gave me his promiſe to ſee Madam *de Foix* no more, he ſtill continues his pretenſions to her with greater aſſiduity than ever. Ah! Madam, replied *Tudor*, is that all the hurt that the Duke has done you? how can you think that he can deny the civilities which the quality of Madam *de Foix* requires? and is not he alſo obliged to that, upon the account that that Ladies Husband has alwaies ſtuck to his intereſts? And does he owe nothing to me, anſwered Madam *de Giack*; and which of the two Houſes, that of *Foix* or mine, hath done moſt for him? Monſieur and Madam *de Foix*, added

ded ſhe, have adhered to the Duke of *Burgundy*, becauſe they found it to their advantage; and I have renounced the friendſhip of my Husband, and the duty that I owed my ſelf; only that I might follow his perſon. I know, Madam, replied *Tudor*, that the Duke is obliged to you; but I am likewiſe aſſured that he is not wanting in his acknowledgments; and if you came to a clearing, you would be the firſt to confeſs that you have taken the Allarm without ground. Only make a Trial, continued he, if I ſpeak Truth; and you will ſee that you ſhall have no ſooner made one ſtep, but that the Duke ſhall make another. How, anſwered Madam *de Giack*; muſt I advance firſt then? Really, Prince, hitherto I took you for my friend; but I know not what to think on't now; and you give me a Counſel that makes me doubt of it extreamly. I have told you, Madam,

dam, replied the Prince coldly; what I would do, if I were in your place: you know that thoſe who would entertain a Commerce together, muſt condeſcend and accommodate themſelves to humours: You know the Duke of *Burgundy* well enough, not to be ignorant that he can hardly yield, when he thinks he has no reaſon; he is perſwaded that you are in the wrong on this occaſion, and that it is your part to redreſs it.

How cruel a thing it is to be in Love! anſwered Madam *de Giack*; and muſt our Wills be forced for a few pleaſures which conſiſt only in Fancie? Well then, Prince, I muſt believe you; and ſhall diſown nothing which you ſhall tell the Duke in my name, as you are together upon your Journey. That is not enough, replied *Tudor*; you ſhould write to him; a Lover believes not always all that his friend tells him

of

of his Miſtreſs: and in the matter of Janglings, every thing that comes that way is ſuſpected; he often imagines that his friend would diſguiſe his misfortune; and all the circumſtances that can be alleadged, if not backed by a Letter, perſwade him far more of the friendſhip of him that ſpeaks, than of the ſincerity of her that puts him into deſpair. You deſire too much, Prince, ſaid Madam *de Giack*; and that I may uſe your own words, condeſcend to people, and conſider that it is enough on a Ladies part to do as I do. I grant it, anſwered *Tudor*; but ſeeing you have already won ſo much ground upon your ſelf, boggle not at the reſt, Madam, which is but a trifle; and give that ſatisfaction to the Duke of *Burgundy* who adores you. There need no more words, Prince, replied Madam *de Giack*; and you ſhould require no more of your friends;

friends; they have done enough, if people be reaſonable; and it is according to their conduct alone, that they may expect other marks of my complaiſance.

Tudor made ſome more attempts to bring her to what he deſired; but ſeeing all was to no purpoſe, he took his leave of her, praying her to conſider ſeriouſly what he had ſaid. He was no ſooner out of her Houſe, but that ſhe began to muſe upon it, and quickly repented her haughtineſs; thinking with her ſelf that Princes expect not to be treated as thoſe that are inferiour to them; and that there are no Intrigues to be managed with ſuch perſons, unleſs one have a deſign to be ſubjected to a thouſand little things which may be avoided in other engagements.

Theſe thoughts had greater influence upon her mind, than all the Converſation that ſhe had had with

with *Tudor*; ſhe called for Paper and Ink; and had already cloſed her Letter, when the Gentleman of that Princes Horſes, hearing that his Maſter was at her Houſe, came to inquire for him. Madam *de Giack* by chance looked out at the Window at that very inſtant; ſhe asked who the Gentleman was; and being informed that he belonged to *Tudor*, ſhe gave orders to invite him up; and it being her deſire that the Prince might have the Letter, ſhe gave it to the Gentleman to be delivered to him.

He preſently returned to his Maſters Lodgings; and not finding him there, he thought he might hear News of him at the Princeſs apartment; he found her juſt going to take Coach, and was about to retire again, when ſhe knowing him to be one of *Tudors* retinue, and having percieved that he looked for ſome body, cauſed him to be

be called, and asked him who he desired to speak with.

The Gentleman frankly confest that he had somewhat to say to his Master; and a Letter for him from Madam *de Giack*. These last words pierced the Princess to the Heart; she found at that minute all the jealousie which that Lady had formerly occasioned her, revived a fresh; and being desirous to know if she had good ground for it or not, Leave that Letter with me, said she to the Gentleman. *Tudor* is not here; he is just now gone with the Duke of *Burgundy*: but I shall take care that the Letter be sent to him by a Post, who is to be dispatched to them by and by. There it is, Madam, said the Gentleman, putting it into her hand; it will ease me of a great trouble, seeing I could not carry it my self, without delaying a Journey that he has ordered me to make about his Affairs.

Affairs. The Princeſs gave no ſigns of that which troubled her mind; ſhe would not ſo much as return into her Chamber, leaſt that Letter ſhould give occaſion of ſome ſuſpicion; but having performed a ſhort Devotion in the Church whither ſhe was going, ſhe returned to her Lodgings: And as ſoon as ſhe was come, ſhut her ſelf up in her Cloſet, where ſhe took the fatal Letter out of her Pocket, and having opened it, found it conceived in theſe terms.

THE LETTER OF Madam *de Giack* TO THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

IF extream jealouſie be a ſign of an infinite Love, nothing certainly can come near my paſſion; but who can arm themſelves againſt ſuſpicion, when they have

have as much ground for it as you have given me? and what Lady could forgive the pretenſions you make to another? pretend not to reaſſure me by reaſons of Policy wherewith you have already endeavoured to ſatisfie me; that is not current Coyn with a Lover ſo ſharp ſighted as I am.

The End of the First Part.

TUDOR,

A

PRINCE of WALES.

An

Hiſtorical Novel.

The Second Part.

THat Letter which had no direction, had almoſt killed the tender and affectionate Princeſs with grief. She made no doubt, but that it was addreſſed to *Tudor*; and lying under the laſhes of Jealouſie, How, Traitour, cried ſhe immediately, is this

the way that you repay the ſincere friendſhip that I had for you? and were the Teſtimonies of Love, which with ſo much ſolicitude you gave me, but Artifices then, to impoſe upon me with greater ſeverity? Are theſe, Villain, the effects of the promiſes you have made to me? and what is become of the Oaths which in this I thought ſo pleaſant, that they gave me the Aſſurances of a conſtant and perpetual Love? I ask not of you, unthankful Man, added ſhe, that you ſhould have a regard to theſe Obligations which any elſe in your place would have thought himſelf bound in to me: I will only convince you by the tenderneſs of my heart; and that tender heart which you have now deceived, will make appear to you that your carriage denotes a Cheat beyond the uſual Knavery of Men. She ſaid no more; but in her Countenance there appeared

ſo

ſo great ſigns of ſadneſs, that it was eaſie to be perceived, that her grief was not in the leaſt abated. She pretended ſome little diſtemper, that ſhe might not be interrupted in her thoughts, and then renewed her complaints againſt Unfortunate *Tudor*.

But if that Letter made ſo great an impreſſion on the Heart of that tender Princeſs; yet ſhe alone ſuffered not all the cruel effects of it. Madam *de Giack*, who knew not what was become of her Letter, expected daily an anſwer; and the leaſt Noiſe that was made in her Anti-chamber ſeemed to her to be a Meſſenger from the Duke of *Burgundy*. It was long before ſhe could think that he had forgot her; but at length hearing no News from him, ſhe began to be perſwaded of his Inconſtancy; and was ſo confirmed in her ſuſpicions, that ſhe fully abandoned her ſelf to Jealou-

ſie. She broke forth in as many complaints at leaſt againſt the Duke, as the Princeſs had made againſt her Lover: but ſhe ſtopt not there; and ſeeing ſhe thought that ſhe had extraordinary cauſe to complain of him, to which ſhe added the reſentment of the ſlight which in this laſt occaſion ſhe imagined he gave her; ſhe fell into thoughts altogether contrary to the Character of a Woman that is in Love; and entertaining them with more pleaſure than ſhe ought, ſhe quickly hatched ſtrange deſigns to obtain the revenge which ſhe reſolved. It is true, that the Love which ſhe had had for that Prince came often into her mind, and it ſeemed that ſometimes ſhe upbraided her ſelf for the fatal reſolution that ſhe took againſt him; but theſe conſiderations at length wrought no great effect, and the memory of theſe laſt offences carrying greater ſway with her

her, than the remains of an almoſt extinct paſſion; ſhe liſtened to nothing but her own Reſentment.

In the mean time the *Dolphin* had notice of the miſunderſtanding that was between theſe Lovers, and was willing to make advantage of their quarrels; upon which deſign he managed ſome ſecret interviews with Madam *de Giack*. They fell both quickly into one Opinion; and ſeeing the *Dolphin* thought he had reaſon to be ill ſatisfied with the Duke, and that his too great power gave him ſome Umbrage; he frankly declared himſelf to Madam *de Giack*, and made appear to her what pleaſure he would have if he could ever meet with an opportunity of being revenged on him.

The Sympathy of humour begot a ſtrict Union betwixt them; ſo that they ſuddenly reſolved the ruin

of that Prince, and buſied their thoughts only about the means to accompliſh their deſign with greater facility: that put them for ſome time into a puzle; but at length the Duke himſelf gave them the occaſion. He was as much in Love with Madam *de Giack* as he had ever been; and being impatient to live any longer without ſeeing her, he thought himſelf obliged to paſs by all that ſhe had done to him. He wrote her a Letter wherein he expreſſed ſo much paſſion, as might have changed the Mind of any other; but Madam *de Giack* was ſtill ſo poſſeſſed with the Opinion of that Princes Inconſtancy, that ſhe had not the leaſt regard to all that had paſſed between the Duke and her. She read the Letter however that ſhe had received from him two or three times over; and ſtopping at that place where he prayed her to come to him: Yes, yes, Traitor, ſaid

ſaid ſhe, I ſhall come to thee as thou deſireſt; but it ſhall be with a deſign to imitate thee, and to revenge my ſelf on thy Treachery. She ſent immediately to intreat the *Dolphin* to come to the place where they uſed to meet when they had any thing to Communicate to one another. The Prince failed not; and Madam *de Giack* putting into his hands the Letter which ſhe had recieved from the Duke, the occaſion, Sir, is fair, ſaid ſhe, to catch that Traitour; he muſt be ſatisfied, and I'le go to him; I have cunning enough to uſe him as he has dealt by me. Believe it, Prince, I ſhall ſtrain my humour ſo that he ſhall ſuſpect nothing of my deſigns; and it is your part, while this commerce laſts, to find ſome pretext to draw him into what ſnare you pleaſe. I ſhall ſo order matters that he himſelf ſhall run his head into the Nooſe; and though he had a thou-

thouſand ſuſpicions of what may befall him, I know how to remove them; and without much trouble I ſhall give you an occaſion to free your ſelf from the anxiety that he may put you into. That Treaſon at firſt ſeemed horrible to the *Dolphin*: he had indeed a Pique againſt the Duke of *Burgundy*, but he thought that way of revenge too baſe; and it is certain he would never have embraced it, had no body but that Lady perſwaded him. But ſhe got thoſe whom ſhe knew to have greateſt influence upon him to back her propoſal. They ſpake to him of the Dukes Ambition, and of his deſign that he had always had of Supremacy: Afterward they put him in Mind of the Murther of the Duke of *Orleans*, and the carrying away of the Queen, when ſhe was at *Tours*; and perſwading him that all theſe Actions had no other aim but the Crown,

they

they ſo far prevailed upon him, that he condeſcended to all they deſired.

It was reſolved then that whilſt Madam *de Giack* was with the Duke, the *Dolphin* ſhould cauſe an interview be propoſed to him under pretext of Affairs of State; and that they ſhould take that occaſion to diſpatch him: As ſoon as the Plot was laid, that Lady went to him. He received her with much Affection, and, without any clutter of Reproaches, admitted her to the ſame place that ſhe had formerly held in his Heart. Madam *de Giack* deſired not to come to Juſtifications, and, unhappily for the Duke, ſhe ſaid not a word of the Letter which ſhe thought he had received from *Tudor*; for there was no appearance that ſhe would have perſiſted in her cruel reſolution, had ſhe been convinced that he had not done her that laſt indignity which

which filled her Heart with ſo much rage. Two days after came a Courier from the *Dolphin* to the Prince, as it was agreed upon. The Duke opened the Pacquet; and finding that he deſired a Conference at *Montereau*, he found himſelf in ſome perplexity how to make him an anſwer: For though he was ſufficiently diſpoſed to grant what he deſired, in proſpect that it might tend to the good of the State; yet ſome juſt fears made him cautious, ſeeing he was not ignorant that he had given him cauſe oftner than once not to be well pleaſed with him. He thought it then unſafe to truſt that Prince; but Madam *de Giack* came in purpoſely to diſſipate all his apprehenſions. She gave him to underſtand, that he would be accountable for all the Evils that might happen to *France*, if upon idle apprehenſions he refuſed an Interview, which would be

of

of great advantage to the publick; and that in fine, he did wrong to diſtruſt the *Dolphins* word, who being reconciled to him in good earneſt, might probably break off again; when he percieved that he had to do with a Jealous and diffident Prince. Theſe words wrought more upon him than all the Counſels that his friends gave him to ſhun the Reſentment of that Prince. He ſent him a Courier by whom he gave him advice that he would not fail to come to *Montereau-fautyonne* the day prefixed; in effect it was his deſtiny which he could not avoid, and with ſome Guards he took his Journey; but it was ſadly fatal to him, for he was killed by ſome of the *Dolphins* Servants juſt as he alighted to Salute that Prince, who waited for him on the Bridge.

All *France* was ſurpriſed at the death of the Duke of *Burgundy*; for

for which the *Dolphin* was generally blamed by all, and by the great diſturbances that upon that occaſion happened ſhortly after; he well percieved how dear it coſt him, for having followed ſo bad Counſels. Madam *de Giack* was raviſhed to hear that her revenge had ſo well ſucceeded; but Unfortunate *Tudor*, who foreſaw the conſequences of that accident, was no ſooner informed of it but that it ſtruck him to the Heart; he had not left the Duke of *Burgundy* untill he went to *Montereau*, and he took that time to go ſee the Princeſs; to whom he had written twice without receiving any anſwer. He could not Imagine the reaſon of that ſilence; and deſiring to know the cauſe of it, he went to her Apartment ſo ſoon as he came to *Troyes* where the Court was then. He found the Princeſs alone in her Cloſet, and expected his uſual Reception;

ception; when *Catharine*, looking fiercely on him with eyes that darted out the anger that ſhe was in; Begone, Traitour, ſaid ſhe, and go take your advantage of the death of the Duke of *Burgundy*: He will no more now interrupt your Amorous engagements, and I am much afraid that the hinderance he gave to your pleaſures, has coſt him his Life. It is impoſſible to expreſs the effect that theſe words had on the Soul of Unfortunate *Tudor*: He was long without knowing where he was, or what was become of him; but coming a little to himſelf again, he deſired to know of the Princeſs what ſhe had to lay to his charge; but ſhe gave him no time to ask the queſtion; for, riſing from her Couch, Once more begone, ſaid ſhe, and know that I will reaſon the Caſe no more with you. At the inſtant ſhe opened the Door, and that paſſionate

Lover

Lover, ſeeing himſelf thus baniſhed by his Miſtreſs, was obliged to obey her, without being able to perſwade her to hear one word for his Juſtification. The truth is, the ſad condition that he was in ſpoke enough to have convinced the Princeſs of his Innocence, had ſhe not been prepoſſeſſed with an Opinion of his Infidelity; but ſhe had by her that which was enough to overcome all the Scruples that ſhe might have had on that matter; and on a time when ſhe was a little too much urged by him, ſhe pulled out of her Pocket the fatal Letter that we have ſpoken of; and caſting her Eyes upon it: All this, ſaid ſhe, is written to my ſincere Lover; and at the ſame time that he gives me the greateſt Proteſtations of kindneſs, he endeavours to perſwade another, that all his Carriage with me is but a deſign of Policy. No, no, Traitour, you

you ſhall deceive me no more; and leaſt I may be again ſurpriſed by your Artifices, I know I ſhould diſtruſt my own weakneſs; and that the ſureſt way to Guard againſt it, is to break off all farther commerce with thee.

Whilſt the Princeſs perſiſted in ſuch like Diſcourſes, and *Tudor* gave way to deſpair, Philip Duke of *Burgundy*, who ſucceeded his Father, contrived a terrible revenge againſt the *Dolphin*. He called together all that he thought favoured him, and having taken Counſel of the moſt judicious, he ſent one of his confidents to the King of *England*, to negotiate the League with him; which put *France* within a Fingers breadth of utter ruin.

Moſt of the Grandees ſided that way, and were the more eaſily inclined to it; in that the Duke made uſe of the Kings name to authoriſe his actions. The truth is, he diſpo-

diſpoſed of that Prince according to his pleaſure; and made it very well appear by what he undertook, and accompliſhed ſometime after: For he not only concluded the Marriage of *Henry* with *Catharine*; but was likewiſe the cauſe that the King declared the *Dolphin* incapable of ſucceeding to the Crown: and to compleat the Dukes revenge, that King baniſhed his own Son, by a Decree of Parliament, and acknowledged the King of *England* for his lawful Heir.

After theſe aſtoniſhing and furious proceedings, *Henry* came to *Troyes*, where the Court was; he took upon him the Government; made ſure of *Paris* and the chief Cities of the Kingdom; and afterward prepared for the Marriage of the Princeſs, who procured him ſo much grandure. *Tudor* ſometime before was advertiſed by the Duke of *Burgundy* of all that paſſed; and knowing

knowing how little power he had to hinder it, he desired to be comprehended in the Treatie; and seeing as he lost the hopes of his Love, he set no value upon all the advantages of Fortune; he chose rather to remit his pretensions, than to see himself obliged to leave those places where he might still hope to enjoy the sight of his Lovely Princess.

He led as sorrowful a Life as can be imagined; but when he himself was a witness of the Marriage of *Henry* and *Catharine* at *Troyes*, no despair was like to his; and all that I can say of it would be far short of the severity of his sufferings. He was almost dead for grief; and he had never out-lived his affliction, if it were not evident by daily experience, that the greatest Crosses have indeed power enough to over-burthen us, but seldome the force to end our days.

In

In the mean time *Catharine* was in as bad a Condition as *Tudor*; and though ſhe was haughty enough to Curb the Sentiments that ſhe ſtill entertained for him, yet ſhe could not look upon him when they met, without ſpeaking many things in his favour. Yea, and ſometimes ſhe thought that ſhe had done amiſs in judging him guilty; and to her it ſeemed that the Melancholy he was in, ſince the time that ſhe had uſed him ſo ill, might ſerve far more to juſtifie him, than the Letter we have ſpoken of was able to condemn him. But ſhe was much more confirmed in her thoughts, when ſhe ſaw that that Prince continued no more commerce with Madam *de Giack*; and that ſo far from retaining any eſteem for her, he could not hear her named but with horrour. All theſe conſiderations put her many times in trouble: but virtue at length triumphs over weak-

weakneſs; and at leaſt it contributed to make her reject her reſolutions which ſometimes ſhe had to liſten to a clear information.

In the mean time Unfortunate *Tudor* found by degrees that his Croſſes were too hard for him; and there is nothing truer than that at length they would have ended his days, had not an accident happened which revived in him ſome ſmall hopes: For ſome Moneths there had been at Court an *Italian* called *Pavini*, who ventured at Fortune-telling, and whoſe Reputation was in ſo much Vogue by many ſurpriſing things he had told to moſt part of the Nobility, that he was lookt upon as a perſon of extraordinary knowledge. He caſt the Horoſcope of the King of *Enggland*; but that Prince had no cauſe to be pleaſed with it; and that I may not trouble you with all the accidents of his Fortune, it is enough

nough I tell you, that he aſſured him his Life would prove ſhort, his death extraordinary; and that though he ſhould not be killed, yet he ſhould have thouſands of enemies to fight with, who ſhould never leave him till they put him in his Grave.

The Duke of *Florence*, Brother to the King, had the ſame curioſity as his Brother had had, and his Fate was not more happy than *Henry*'s; he was to loſe his Life in the firſt Battel that he ſhould fight. Theſe Princes were not well pleaſed with ſuch fatal predictions: But as the Prophecy of the *Italian* concerning the Kings death ſeemed fooliſh, ſo they were not much troubled thereat; and they had no great apprehenſions, but when they conſidered that moſt of the things which he had foretold others were fulfilled.

But in a ſhort time *Pavini* was fully

fully believed; for the Duke of *Clarence* was killed in an engagement which happened in *Anjou* between his Forces and the Troops of the *Dolphin* commanded by the Earl of *Buchan*, whom that Prince had made Conſtable of *France*.

That accident made the knowledg of the *Italian* to be admired; all people conſulted him, and *Tudor* who had ſlighted him was one of the firſt that heard him with greateſt confidence. This man encreaſed the confidence that Prince *Tudor* had in him, by ſome particular things which he told him; for being together in a Chamber, and he having caſt his figures, and done all that his art required: *Seigneur*, ſaid he, I know not what to think of this figure; you muſt needs be naturally inconſtant, and Fortune is pleaſed to treat you according to the diſpoſition of your temper: For I find that at this very in-

ſtant there is a conſiderable Croſs which puts you into deſpair; and I ſee that you forget it immediately, though no extraordinary alteration happen in your Affairs; but there is an odder thing ſtill that I muſt tell you, you are betrayed by a perſon who loves you, and who is ſo far from forſaking your concerns, that that perſon cleaves as cloſe to them as ever. *Pavini* made ſome pawſe afterward before he ſpake again; but then renewing his Diſcourſe, Here is a thing, *Seigneur*, ſaid he, which much abates my wonder; you have lately had a great Croſs, and yet not from your enemies; for the perſon that is the cauſe of it takes it as ill as you do. Unriddle this your ſelf, added he, if you can; for I confeſs for my part, I underſtand nothing of it; all that I can tell you plainly, is, that you are much in Love with ſome thing,

and

and that though you have loſt all hopes of poſſeſſing it, yet you ſhall, though you expect no ſuch matter: But by that you are in danger of ſhortning your Life, and have a care alſo that your death be not fatal.

Pavini told *Tudor* no more, but what he ſaid was enough to make him ponder matters; for who could not be ſurpriſed; and ſetting aſide the point of Treaſon, was not the reſt ſo conform to that which had already happened, that it might be eaſily underſtood? He began then to promiſe himſelf better Fortune, and that faint beam of hope finding a place in his mind, it was quickly percieved that he had loſt one half of his Melancholy. Queen *Catharine* took notice of it as well as the reſt; She would needs know the cauſe thereof, and having information that *Pavini* told all people that he had no more Skill in

the Stars, and that he loſt all his meaſures in the Caſe of *Tudor*; the Queen was curious to know what he had told that Prince, thinking that it muſt of neceſſity be from that that he had taken comfort. She ſent for *Pavini* when ſhe was all alone, and having commanded him to inform her of that Princes Fortune; he frankly confeſſed that it put him to a puzle, and that he found great difficulty to conceive the meaning of the Figure he had caſt for him. He told her likewiſe all that he had ſaid to *Tudor*; and ſhe could have interpreted a great part of it her ſelf, if ſhe had pleaſed; but ſhe diſcovered not her thoughts to him, and having employed him in ſomething upon her own account, ſhe diſmiſſed him.

Her Converſation with *Pavini* gave her occaſion to reflect on his great Skill; and perſwading her ſelf that he was infallible, She found her

her ſelf divided between diſcontent of having unjuſtly accuſed that Prince, and Joy of knowing that he was not to be always Unfortunate. But there were a great many things that ſuddenly thwarted that weak ſatisfaction: She called to mind the Letter which ſhe had, and finding therein more appearance than in all the Skill of *Pavini*, ſhe reckoned his art ſometime foppery, and many times accuſed her ſelf of too much credulity. However ſhe was in danger of taking the Princes part, before ſhe could wholly Sacrifice him to her ſuſpicions; if her virtue had not come to her Aſſiſtance, and had not made her ſomewhat ſcrupulous in all that concerned him. That thought alone made her abſolutely condemn *Tudor*; ſhe was willing for her own Repoſe to think him guilty, and for that bout ſhe reſiſted all temptations that ſhe

had, to come to a clearing with him.

But *Pavini* gave her ſuddenly occaſion of obtaining another Victory over her ſelf: He caſt the Horoſcope of that Princeſs, as ſhe had ordered him; he had a Mind to diſcourſe with her, and taking his opportunity for an audience without interruption, Madam, ſaid he to her, if I was amazed at the ſtrange accidents that I found in the Fortune of *Tudor*, I muſt freely tell you, that I know not what to ſay of the things I have obſerved in yours; for every thing in it appears to me more extraordinary than another. But who would not be ſurpriſed as well as I, when I ſee the greateſt Princeſs in the World unhappy amidſt her Grandures. Yet that is nothing, continued he; and there are ſo many others who, in a Condition not far from that you are in, have had the like

like thoughts, that I ſhould not much trouble my ſelf with that Circumſtance; if it were not accompanied with many others, which ſeem to me directly oppoſite to common ſenſe: For who will not blame you, Madam, for contributing alone more to your own Croſſes, than all others that are concerned in them? Yet after all that you endeavour not your own eaſe; and I percieve that you oppoſe the means which might give you ſatisfaction. Yet you will not be alwayes in the ſame opinion; and one day or other you will leave off to be cruel to your ſelf; but as it is fatal to you to do evil to that which affects you moſt, you ſhall be the cauſe of the death of the only perſon whom you paſſionately Love; and which puts me in amazement without recovery, you ſhall not have the leaſt trouble at it.

The Queen would hear him no longer, ſhe retired into her Cloſet; and there was ſhe forced to ſtruggle with her humour that ſhe might ſtifle a Thouſand thoughts which declared in favour of *Tudor*. All that *Pavini* had told her ſeemed to furniſh her with weapons againſt her ſelf; but at length ſhe conquered her own weakneſs, and began to taſte the quiet that ſhe had acquired by her virtue, when ſhe found her troubles again renewed by a ſuperveening accident.

The King her Husband made War vigorouſly againſt the *Dolphin*, he took from him the Towns of *Meaux* and *Compiegne*; and was going to the relief of *Coſne* which was Beſieged by the Army of that Prince, when he was taken ſick at *Melun*, and was forced to ſtop. But his Diſeaſe rather encreaſing than abateing, he went to the Caſtle of *Vincennes*, where he was hardly arrived,

arrived, but that his diſtemper fulfilled the prediction of *Pavini*, and carried him out of this World. So terrible a death occaſioned certainly much grief to the Queen; but it is not to be thought that ſhe was ſo much afflicted, as ſhe would have been, had ſhe married that Prince for Love.

In the mean time *Tudor* was not in the leaſt ſorry for it; on the contrary he thought that by that means his troubles might come to an end; and truſting as much to the prediction of *Pavini* as to his own Innocence, he flattered himſelf with the hopes that the Queen would reflect on his Love, and that at length after ſo many Croſſes, ſhe would perhaps reward him for all the pains that ſhe had made him unjuſtly ſuffer. He was not altogether miſtaken; for that Princeſs who had nothing now to object againſt the paſſion which ſhe

felt for him, ſuffered her ſelf gently to liſten to every thing that ſpake in his favour; and if ſhe deſired ſome little clearing, it was only becauſe ſhe Judged it neceſſary to convince that Prince that ſhe had reaſon to treat him as ſhe had done.

Matters being ſo well diſpoſed on either ſide, the Queen went to *England*; *Tudor* followed her: and theſe Lovers began then to look on one another with ſo paſſionate Eyes, that it was eaſie for them to percieve that their reconciliation would not be difficult. But though *Tudor* knew that the Queen was all ſweetneſs, yet he could not ſo far prevail upon himſelf as to ſpeak his mind: And he had already found many occaſions to diſcourſe to her of his Love, without being ſo bold as to venture on it; yea, and he had long pined away under the pain of a baſhful and conſtrained

ſtrained paſſion, if that Princeſs had not afforded him the means of disburdening his Heart: On a day when he was alone with her, and after a long diſcourſe concerning the State of the War, I believe, ſaid that Princeſs to him, that when all is done we ſhall very ſhortly loſe the hope of preſerving the Kingdom of *France*; and the Fortune of War is ſo favourable for the *Dolphin*, that there is but little appearance we can long reſiſt his progreſſes. I daily hear that thoſe who Eſpouſed the Intereſt of the Late King my Husband, forſorſake us, and I ſee nothing but Treachery on all hands. There is no Truſt to be given now adays, Madam, anſwered *Tudor*; but to ſuch as we know perfectly well; and yet we ſee that for moſt part the very ſame fail in their promiſes as well as others; and there is ſo little ſincerity in the World,

that

that they who make moſt Proteſtations are commmonly the people who leaſt mind their word. You are well acquainted with ſome of that Character, replied the Queen; but though you ſeem to diſapprove their procedure, yet I am confident you are too much a friend to them to wiſh them any puniſhment. You have reaſon, anſwered *Tudor*, with a ſigh; and for all the Croſſes I have met with yet, I find that my Heart is ſo tender as to adore thoſe who have cruelly uſed me. That is to ſay, replied the Queen, that you have ſo good an Opinion of your own Conduct, as not to be willing to Condemn your ſelf. It is to ſay, Madam, anſwered *Tudor*, that notwithſtanding your Rigour, you are in my Eyes ſtill the ſame as you were when you were no more but Princeſs *Catharine*; and that then I might have flattered my

ſelf

ſelf that to her I was not altogether a thing indifferent. Put me not in mind, replied the Queen, of the ground you gave me to be diſpleaſed with you; and none but one of my goodneſs would look upon you after all that you have done to me. Say rather, Madam, anſwered *Tudor*, that none but one of ſo much cruelty as your ſelf, would puniſh people with ſo great ſeverity, and ſtill conceal from them the Pretext which you take to render them miſerable. Pretexts are never uſed, replied the Queen, but when reaſons are wanting; and it is to no purpoſe to invent when one hath ſo good proofs as you have furniſhed me with. Ah! Madam, replied *Tudor*, not to offend you; I have not the gift of knowing thoughts, and I ought indeed to be guilty to find out the cauſe that makes you accuſe me. I know, anſwered the Queen, that *Tudor*

will

will not be convinced without evidence; he must be satisfied, and here it is, continued she, giving him the Letter that we have spoken of; what can he object against this? the Prince took the Letter; and having read it all over: Well then, Madam, replied he; and what is this to me? How, Prince, said the Queen; should you ask me that question: and is it not your part to declare to me how far your Intrigues went with Madam *de Glack*; if you think fit that I should know any thing of it? I am not at all concerned, Madam, said he, in what you see; nor can I give you any account of it: And you know better than I, added he, giving her back the Letter, that this concerns the Affair that the Duke of *Burgundy* had with that Lady.

However she wrote that Letter to you, answered the Princess; and I had it from the Gentleman of your

your Horſe. The Gentleman of my Horſe had no Letter for me, replied *Tudor*; and when, I pray, did he give it you Madam? Immediately after you went away upon your Journey with the Duke of *Burgundy*, anſwered the Queen. Ah! Madam, replied *Tudor* after a little muſing, that may very well be; I juſt left that Lady when I came to take my leave of you, and I urged her ſo much to write to that poor Prince, with whom ſhe had quarrelled, as to incline her to write that note. Why did ſhe not give it to your ſelf before you left her? anſwered the Princeſs. She would do nothing, Madam, replied *Tudor*; and ſhe thought perhaps better on it after that I was gone out of her Houſe. But what does ſhe mean, ſaid the Princeſs, by that Jealouſie ſhe ſpeaks of; and explain to me what ſhe intends by theſe reaſons of Policy.

It is no hard matter to ſatisfie you Madam, anſwered *Tudor*; She was Jealous of Madam *de Foix*, and ſhe was ſo far from hearing any reaſon as to that matter, that ſhe would never give ear to what I told her concerning the Civilities which the Duke was obliged to ſhew that Lady. Theſe are the Politick reaſons whereof ſhe complains; and wherewith ſhe ſays that he would have ſatisfied her: and that is alſo the paſſage which hath made me ſuffer ſo much, ſaid the Queen; and which would have created you much trouble, if it be true that you have an eſteem for me ſtill; but ſeeing you knew your ſelf to be innocent, Why did you not undeceive me? and is that the way to Love, to leave people to thoſe diſquiets which rob them of their repoſe. Ah! Madam, replied *Tudor*; it is I, if you pleaſe, who have cauſe to complain; and to

ask you, if that be the way to esteem one, to baniſh him as you baniſhed me out of your Cloſet? I thought you guilty, anſwered the Queen; and could I give you greater evidence that you were dear to me, than by teſtifying the reſentment that I had of your inconſtancy? And could I, replied *Tudor*, make appear the reſpect that I had for you any better way, than by obeying your commands. Ah! *Tudor*, anſwered the Princeſs; who is ſhe that would not have dealt as cruelly as I, upon the Ground that I had to be diſpleaſed with you? No, Madam, replied *Tudor*; another who had Loved better would not have been ſo ready to condemn me: She would have reflected on her own Sentiments, and finding that ſhe had no paſſion but for her Lover, ſhe would have likewiſe thought that he could have Loved none but her. But what could one think,

think, answered the Queen, when there were so many appearances against you? But what should become of me, Madam, replied *Tudor*, did I but listen to all that makes against you? You have nothing to say against me, said the Queen, of equal force to that Letter. You cannot reproach me, answered *Tudor*, with any Marriage that gives a sign of ambition. Ah! *Tudor*, replied the Princess, how can you urge me on that account: and though there had been no misunderstanding betwixt you and me, had I right to oppose my self to a thing that was concluded by my Father, and on which depended all the peace and quiet of the State? You were always, Madam, answered *Tudor*, in a Condition of speaking one word to me; and though nothing can give comfort in adversities of that nature; yet it is no small matter for a Lover to have

some

ſome cauſe of being flattered that nothing but the Intereſts of a Crown would have out-voted his Love. Could not you have told your ſelf that, replied the Queen; and did not I on Thouſands of occaſions give ſufficient ſigns of tenderneſs to make you Judge that I could eſteem no Man beſides your ſelf. It is hard, Madam, ſaid *Tudor*, to believe things which we ſee viſibly overthrown by other matters ſo repugnant to them: And Imagine not that I give much credit yet to theſe marks of goodneſs which now you are pleaſed to ſhew me, if you pretend they ſhould be attended with ſo fatal a deſtiny as that wherewith you have already tried me. No, no, *Tudor*, anſwered the Queen; you have nothing now to fear upon that account, I have payed my duty to my Country, by the Sacrifice that I made to it of my Heart; and it is enough

that

that once I have Married againſt my Will; now I think I have reaſon to pleaſe my ſelf: Since I have found you Innocent, I have again placed all my affection on you; and if you continue in the ſame Sentiments that heretofore you were in, it ſhall be your own fault if I give you not ground to lay aſide all doubts of my real eſteem for you. Ah! Madam, replied *Tudor*, caſting himſelf at her Feet; how little ſhould I value the evils that I have ſuffered for ſo good a Princeſs: and how ſhall I ever be able to make appear how much I adore her? No, Madam, continued he, that is not to be expreſt; and if you knew the State of my Heart at this very hour, you would not in the leaſt doubt but that it is more tender and affectionate than ever.

I not only accept of the favour you beſtow upon me, ſaid he; but I accept of it with Reſentments made

made up of Joy and Reſpect; and if you would have me to be the happieſt of men, haſten only the day wherein I may enjoy ſo great a Bleſſing. Then ſhall I make appear, Madam, that I have all that I can deſire, by the poſſeſſion of my Amiable Princeſs; and that with ſuch a Happineſs, I would not change Fortune with the greateſt Princes in the World. I am glad, anſwered the Queen, to find you in that Opinion, and be perſwaded that it ſhall be none of my fault if you be not very ſhortly ſatisfied.

Tudor, as duty obliged him, thanked the Queen; and theſe two Lovers parted ſo fully content with one another, that they thought no more upon all thoſe Evils which by their own fault they had endured.

Tudor found his Fortune at that Pitch, to which nothing could be added,

added, or more desired; and the Queen thought that People should be satisfied when they are assured of the Affection of those whom they intimately Love. Nevertheless she found her Joy somewhat troubled, when she reflected on what *Pavini* had told her; and she could not comfort her self when she considered that the kindness which she had for *Tudor*, must cost him his Life.

She discovered sometimes her fears to her passionate Lover; but he endeavoured still to reassure her, and used all Arguments to perswade her that such kind of Blades did more frequently miss than hit the Mark; and that they were indebted to meer chance when they find their predictions verified. On a day when they had entertained discourse on that Subject, Mind me, said the Queen to him; I cannot but give credit to the sayings of *Pavini*,

Pavini, and all that he hath ſaid is fulfilled ſo plainly according to his predictions, that I am extreamly apprehenſive of what he hath ſpoken as to you. It were far better, added ſhe, that we ſhould ſtill remain the ſame mutual affection for one another, without proceeding farther; and that I ſhould by that means preſerve one who is dear unto me, and not expoſe him to the deſtiny wherewith he is threatned by my embraces. Ah! Madam, replied the Prince; if any of the two ought to tremble, it ſhould only be *Tudor*, and he it is that muſt die: but he ſets no ſuch value on Life, as to refuſe to give it, if it be by that Sacrifice alone that he can deſerve ſo great a Bleſſing as that which you have promiſed him; and I ſhould not pay enough for that I priſe, though I ſhould end my days an hour after that you had given me real proofs

of

of your kindneſs. Ah! *Tudor*, anſwered the Queen, put me not in mind that I am to loſe you; that is a thing that repreſents it ſelf ſo cruelly to me, that I cannot but at preſent feel the ſenſible effects of it; and can one be ſeparated from what they Love, and ſurvive their grief? Have you ſtill theſe thoughts, Madam; and do you believe the predictions of *Pavini*? replied *Tudor*: Do you not remember that you are not to be the leaſt troubled at my death: I am not ſo unjuſt to my Princeſs as to believe it; and conſidering the goodneſs ſhe has been pleaſed to teſtifie to me, I am perſwaded on the contrary, that her Fate would depend on mine; and that, if ſhe ſhould not die by the ſame blow that ſent me to my grave, ſhe would at leaſt lye under ſo great affliction and ſorrow, that ſuch a Life as ſhe would afterward lead, ſhould be reckon-

reckoned a real death. You do me right, *Tudor*, anſwered the Queen, and what you have now ſaid to me fully confirms me. No, *Pavini* is Dim-ſighted as to the future, and the Prince of *Wales* cannot meet with the leaſt misfortune; but that I ſhall reſent it as bitterly as he. Let us compleat what Deſtiny intends for us, and let us endeavour to render our Fortune happy, by preventing thoſe things which may replunge us into Croſſes, ſuch as thoſe that we have lately paſt.

Whilſt the Queen was ſo well diſpoſed for *Tudor*, Fortune prepared new impediments to their Love. The Duke of *Gloceſter* who was ſtill taken up in the Wars ſince the conference at *Meulan*, was choſen for the Command and Government of Affairs in *England*, during the minority of *Henry* the Sixth, his Nephew, who was but as yet

an Infant in the Cradle. That Prince accepted the Commiſſion with Joy; and the more willingly inclined to the Journey, in that he retained ſtill for the Queen the ſame Sentiments that he felt at firſt ſight of her. In effect, he no ſooner ſaw her again, but that his flames were powerfully revived in his Breaſt: She ſeemed more beautiful to him than all that ever he had ſeen; and ſeeing his quality of Regent obliged him to ſpeak frequently with her, theſe many Converſations made him quickly paſſionately in Love.

He prevented that Princeſs in granting all that he thought ſhe might deſire; and became in a word ſo civil and obliging, that it was very hard not to entertain an eſteem for him. Nevertheleſs, the Queen was ſo far from being pleaſed with that complaiſance, that ſhe

ſhe was much troubled at it ſo ſoon as ſhe diſcovered the cauſe; and ſhe obſerved ſuch a Conduct with him, that ſhe always endeavoured to avoid the occaſions which he ſought to diſcourſe to her of his Love. But all that Circumſpection was unprofitable; and on a day when they had had a conference concerning ſome matters of State, wherein the Queen told the Duke that he had very well diſcharged his duty: You give me, ſaid he, Madam, praiſes which are not due to me; and I have contributed far leſs than you, to the ſucceſs of what I have told you. The Queen not knowing what to make of that; How Prince, replied ſhe, unfold to me that Riddle: and what hand can I have had in a matter whereof I did not ſo much as know? That hindered not, Madam, anſwered the Duke, but that you wiſhed

that it might ſucceed as it did; and it was enough for the Duke of *Gloceſter*, knowing your intentions, fully to comply with them. I am much obliged to you, replied the Queen; but I ſhall refer all that, if you pleaſe, to the Zeal which you have for the Service of the King, and I ſhall like it as well. You are in the wrong, Madam, anſwered the Duke, not to take it as done for your ſake alone; and you ſhould believe that Love will be always more powerful in my Heart, than all the Sentiments of Nature and Duty. I am forced to tell you, continued he, that I am nothing changed from what you ſaw me at *Meulan*: But be not alarmed at this, Madam, I have no thoughts that may give you cauſe of complaint; and I know very well that that which hath happened ſince my fatal departure, hinders

ders me from having any thing to pretend to more. However I Love you not with leſs Sincerity than if I had ground to believe that you would one day render me happy. Pitie ſo wretched a Lover, Madam, who though his Paſſion be ſo violent, yet is ſtill ſo reſpectful as to conceive nothing contrary to the virtue of a Princeſs whom I ſhall adore with ſuch Sentiments as long as I live. Theſe words gave the Queen ſome comfort; and having conſidered a little what anſwer ſhe ſhould give him, ſhe at length in this manner broke her ſilence. You ought not to doubt, Sir, but that the knowledg you give me of your paſſion cauſes me much trouble; and you oblige me to have ſo great an eſteem for you, that I cannot forbear to wiſh you a better Fortune than that to which you expoſe your ſelf: Con-

ſider what it is to Love without hope; and I am aſſured that if you reflect upon it as you ought, you will eaſe your ſelf of a great many troubles that you are about to create both to your ſelf and me; if you perſiſt in that unhappy paſſion. I am not now, Madam, replied the Duke, to make that reflection; I have uſed all arguments with my ſelf to overcome my own weakneſs: But, to be ſhort, it is too hard for me; and after a Thouſand attempts, all that I can gain upon my ſelf, is to admire you as a Lover full of tender affection; and to ſpeak to you as a man who is hindered by ſacred ties to tell you all he thinks. Believe it, Madam, I can reconcile moſt reſpectful words, with moſt languiſhing looks; and nothing but my Eyes ſhall ever teſtifie to my Princeſs, that the Unfortunate Duke

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of *Gloceſter* is born to love her with extream Paſſion. Ah! Prince, anſwered the Queen, baniſh thoſe Sentiments which abuſe you; and do you not percieve that you already begin a diſcourſe contrary to the reſolution you have taken; and that you declare your Love at the ſame time you promiſe me never to ſpeak more of it. I had not been aware of it, Madam, replied the Duke, if you had not given me notice; but I ſhall for the future be more punctual in keeping my word. I ſhall not ſo much as complain of your cruelty, how ſevere ſoever you may be to me; and I know but one thing that may make me loſe the meaſures which I intend to obſerve in ſo tender and reſpectful a Love. Ah! Prince, have a care, ſaid the Queen; your Paſſion wants the reſpect you ſpeak of, if you think

that you can ever diſpenſe with the ſilence to which you oblige your ſelf; it is that promiſe alone which makes me to day ſuffer a Converſation that is ſo contrary to the duty I owe my ſelf, and which renewed once more, would make me loſe all the eſteem that your civil carriage hath gained from me. Theſe Sentiments, Madam, wherewith you flatter me are too precious, than that I ſhould not preſerve them at what expence ſoever; and if the Duke of *Gloceſter* never find that you intend to make ſome Man elſe happy, whilſt he ſuffers ſo much, he ſhall perhaps convince you by his carriage, that he deſerved the bleſſing himſelf; if a Brother had not been before poſſeſſed of that happineſs, and had not for ever deprived him of the hopes of it.

Theſe words made the Queen con-

conceive how great difficulty ſhe was like to meet with in the deſign ſhe had for *Tudor*. She was troubled on this conſideration; but being willing to diſmiſs the Duke before ſhe gave her ſelf wholly to theſe thoughts: Prince, ſaid ſhe, either think of putting in execution what you have promiſed, or reſolve never to ſee me more; for, to be ſhort, I find my ſelf too much to be blamed for entertaining ſuch diſcourſes with you; and it is not enough to have good intentions, we muſt likewiſe do our duty. It is true, Madam, replied the Duke; and I know that as well as you: Wherefore my whole ſtudy ſhall be to ſatisfie you; and I'le tell you no more that I Love you, becauſe you are diſpleaſed with ſuch diſcourſes. However, I pray you believe that my paſſion ſhall neither be more nor leſs, what

countenance ſoever I put on; and the Fate of the Duke of *Gloceſter* indiſpenſably obliges him to the Service of the moſt lovely Queen in the World.

So ſoon as he had ſaid ſo, he withdrew and left the Queen in an inconceivable trouble. *Tudor* came in at the ſame inſtant, and finding that Princeſs in a condition that ſuffered none to doubt of her grief, What hath befallen you, Madam, ſaid he preſently; and has deſtiny ſtill new Croſſes in reſerve for me? Yes, *Tudor*, replied the Queen; Fate is ready again to make me ſuffer; and the Duke of *Gloceſter* oppoſes my happineſs and the ſatisfaction I intended to give you. At the ſame time ſhe told him of the Converſation ſhe had had with him, and then renewing her diſcourſe: Conſider, Prince, ſaid ſhe, to what I expoſe you; if I follow

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my Inclination which bids me content you; and is not that the way to make *Pavini*'s word true, ſo to deliver you up to the rage of a deſpiſed Lover? What can he do, Madam, replied *Tudor*; and beſides does he not give evidence of ſo much virtue, as that we need not fear he will diſhonour himſelf by any baſe Act. Ah *Tudor*, anſwered the Queen; that ſhadow of virtue which beguiles you, does not ſo much deceive me; I have dived into the very heart of the Duke through all his diſguiſes, and he puts on that counterfeit Cloak of Civility, that he may only fetch his firſt blow, and wheedle me, if I may ſo ſay, to liſten to the diſcourſe of his paſſion. Conſider what is to be expected from one who thinks himſelf ſlighted, and whoſe power in this place can accompliſh what ever he intends. What hath

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my Princeſs then reſolved to do? replied *Tudor*; to Love you as long as I live, anſwered the Queen; but rather to die a Thouſand times than to be to you the cauſe of thoſe calamities, whereof the very thought chills me with horrour. But is it not, Madam, ſaid he, to expoſe me to the moſt cruel of pains, always to delay that which might render me happy; and what more can I expect from the wrath of the Duke of *Glocester*? Good God, *Tudor*, replied the Queen; urge me no more to that: You know my weakneſs, but your preſervation will be far dearer to me than all my pleaſures; let us joyn both together, if it may be done, anſwered *Tudor*; and ſeeing you have ſo much goodneſs as to have ſo great care of my life; let us find out a remedy to cure you of theſe obliging fears, and which may at the

ſame time afford me the ſatisfaction that I ſhould meet with in the accompliſhment of your promiſes. That is impoſſible, replied the Queen; not ſo much as you think, Madam, anſwered the Prince; and if an expedient could be found, would you be againſt it? No, *Tudor*, replied the Queen; and ſo far from refuſing it, I would conſent to it with all my Heart. Conſider then, Madam, if you can reſolve to marry me ſecretly.

There is no neceſſity that people ſhould have ſo many witneſſes of their happineſs; and we may find ſome ſo faithful, as we need not fear that they will publiſh our ſecret unleſs we give them leave. But are there no conſequences to be feared, ſaid the Queen? and were there no other but the effects of Marriage; have not I reaſon to be circumſpect? Can we want perſons

ſons to whom we may truſt, anſwered *Tudor*; and can ſo ſmall a matter as that make you ſcrupulous? the Queen ſtood ſometime ſpeechleſs; but ſhortly after ſpeaking again, I perceive at length, *Tudor*, ſaid ſhe, that I muſt grant your deſires; and indeed it is impoſſible for me to deny you; but remember what I do for you. The Prince caſt himſelf immediately at her feet; and being as ſenſibly affected as one could be, he told the Queen all that a ſtrong paſſion, and extream gratitude can ſuggeſt to a tender, faithful and generous Lover.

The Princeſs put forth her hand to raiſe him; and that happy Lover falling on that fair hand, kiſſed it with ſuch Tranſports of delight, that it might be eaſily Judged how great pleaſures he was to taſte in the poſſeſſion of ſo

Love-

Lovely a Princeſs. In effect no Man was ſo happy as *Tudor*, ſome few days after; and in the Marriage of that great Queen, he found matter enough of Comfort for all the Evils that he had ſuffered ſo long.

That Lovely union which was Uſhered in by ſo many Croſſes, was attended with all the Contents that this Life can afford; and difficulty, which ſeaſons pleaſures, made theſe Lovers find a Thouſand charms in the ſecret of their Marriage; which perhaps they had not met with, if they had enjoyed one another publickly, and without Intrigue. Their Commerce laſted long before it was perceived; and the Queen ſo well concealed her Big-belly, that ſhe was Brought to Bed oftner than once before the matter came publickly to be known. But as it is hard

hard always to decieve a Lover, and a Lover that is Unfortunate; the Duke began to ſuſpect that *Tudor* had a greater ſhare than he in the favours of the Queen; and though that Prince knew nothing but what his ſuſpicions made him conjecture, yet he grew fearfully Jealous.

He never met *Tudor* but that he beheld him with threatning looks; and at length he obſerved ſo few meaſures in his Reſentment, that our Lovers eaſily percieving it, redoubled their Circumſpection to conceal their Marriage. But Fortune which delights in Inconſtancy, was weary of ſhowring her Favours on them, and reſolved to make them feel her cruelty; after that ſhe had Crowned them with her kindneſs.

The Duke of *Gloceſter* entertained many ſpies in the Countrey;

trey; and these Blades who observed all things with great care, could not hitherto find any thing that might confirm their Master in his thoughts. Sometimes he upbraided them with Carelesness, sometimes with Treachery; and that they conspired with the Queen to deceive him.

In the mean time all these Reproaches being unprofitable; he resolved to set to Work himself, and laboured to corrupt the Loyalty of those whom he knew to be most Privie to the Secrets of the Queen: But he found them all so firm to their duty, that he began to lose hopes of succeeding in his designs; when Fate alone in a Trice compleated that which the Duke could not perform with the Assistance of all whom he had employed.

The Queen made use of one of the

the Chamberlains of her Houſe, to ſend her Letters by to *Tudor*; ſhe had intruſted him to carry one to him; and that faithful Servant who was glad punctually to diſcharge what he was ordered to do by the Queen, waited till Night, that he might go ſecurely to the Houſe of *Tudor*, and ſo ſoon as it grew Duskiſh he took his Journey that he might perform his Meſſage.

He was not far from the Houſe, when he found himſelf ſet upon by Six Robbers: He defended himſelf as well as he could; but the Foot-man that was with him having forſaken him, he received ſuddenly ſeveral wounds, which made him fall dead upon the place.

In the mean time that murther was committed with much Rumour; and the Lackey who fled called

called together a great many for his Maſters Aſſiſtance, with whom he came back, but too late; for the Murtherers had already ſaved themſelves. Some went in purſuit of them, and the reſt carried the Body of the Gentleman into the next Houſe, where making an Inventory, according to the good Cuſtome of ſome, of all that the dead Man had about him, they found there the Letter which he carried to *Tudor*.

They preſently knew the Queens Signet; and ſeeing the Letter had no addreſs, and that they doubted not but that it was of conſequence, The Conſtable took the charge of it, and went inſtantly with it to the Regent, to whom he told what had happened.

The Duke preſently diſmiſſed him; and having looked upon that Let-

Letter Three or Four times, without daring to open it, at length he broke it up and found theſe words in it.

THE

THE QUEENS LETTER TO TUDOR.

ALL that can be done is done to diſcover if I love you; and there is nothing omitted to draw from my Servants a Confeſſion of what they might know of our Secrets: but they have not falſified the Opinion that I had of their fidelity, and our Jealous obſerver ſhall keep

keep watch long in vain, if I miſtake not. At preſent I find ſome abatement of my fears; come as ſoon as you can, my Dear, and make your advantage of the Serenity we now enjoy, and I ſhall give my Dear Tudor *proofs, that I Love him more than my ſelf.*

The

THe Duke grew ſtark ſtaring mad upon reading of that Letter; he was ſometime before he would reſolve what to do: but at length having uttered great threats againſt theſe two Unfortunate Lovers, he reſolved to ſhew them what a ſlight was able to produce in the Breaſt of a Man prepoſſeſſed with a ſtrong paſſion. He imagined every thing that might animate him to revenge; and when he found that ſome remains of Affection put a ſtop to his rage, Is it for that infamous Princeſs then, that thou doſt ſolicite me; and art thou ſtill ſo baſe as to be willing to obſerve meaſures with one who, not content to put me into deſpair, ſtains likewiſe the honour of the Royal Family by a ſhamefull Commerce which ſhe holds with a Prince ſo far beneath her. Ah!

Ah! too happy *Tudor*, cried he immediately afterward, thy death muſt expiate the Crimes that thou committeſt againſt the Memory of thy Prince; and the Duke of *Gloceſter* ſhall revenge him at the ſame time that he reſents the Indignity that you offer to his Love. He was at leaſt an hour in making ſuch uſeleſs complaints; and thinking that he would receive great eaſe if he might utter in the Queens preſence what he had been ſaying all alone, he went to her appartment. The Queen was ſurpriſed to ſee him at that time; but ſhe had far greater reaſon to be ſo, when that Prince, after a terrible look, I am not at all amazed, Madam, ſaid he to her, at the trouble I put you in; when one expects to ſee a Lover, and finds a furious man, one has reaſon to change colour; but I ſhall be exceedingly changed

changed my ſelf, if I produce not ſhortly more ſurpriſing revolutions, and I hope that the deceitful Eyes which I behold, ſhall ſhortly weep for the ſame things that have hitherto made them laugh. What do you mean, Prince, replied the Queen half angry at that diſcourſe; and half ſhaking for fear. I mean, Madam, anſwered the Duke, that to ſee you, one would never have believed that you could Joyn ſuch modeſt looks with ſo bad and Irregular a Conduct. But I know your ſecret practices; and it is no time to diſſemble when I have ſo good proofs to confound you. Here is the thing, continued he; (ſhowing her the Letter that we have mentioned) that will put you out of your meaſures; and ought you not to bluſh at theſe ſhameleſs words whereby you expreſs your paſſion? If the Queen was aſtoniſhed at

the Dukes diſcourſe; ye may Judge what caſe ſhe was in when ſhe ſaw her Letter in his hand. She ſtood ſometime ſpeechleſs; but finding that it was no longer time to diſſemble, By what means, Prince, ſaid ſhe, have you come by my Letter? I ſee not what right you have to cenſure my actions; and may not I write to my Husband what I think good, but that the Duke of *Gloceſter* muſt find fault with it? *Tudor* your Husband! Madam, ſaid the Duke, immediately interrupting her. Yes, Prince, replied the Queen; *Tudor* is my Husband: and I would have you know beſides, that I have Three Children by him. Theſe words almoſt killed the Duke with deſpair, and renewing his diſcourſe after he had made ſome reflexion on what the Queen had told him, A Queen of *England*, ſaid he, Daughter of

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a King of *France*, has Married *Tudor*, and has Three Children by him! Ah! Madam, added he; think not by that Pretext to abuſe me; it will be to no purpoſe for you to think to ſtop my revenge; and let it be as you will have it, that too happy *Tudor* ſhall die; and he ſhall pay for the freakiſhneſs of Fortune, that appoints ſome to ſo much happineſs, whileſt others wreſtle with the Torments of a wretched life. He preſently went out with the *Mine* and Gate of a Man who was to be feared. The Queen could not behold him in that condition without Trembling for *Tudor*; and at this inſtant ſhe felt a ſhivering that never left her till ſhe died.

In the mean time the Duke of *Gloceſter* ſent ſome of the Guards to apprehend that Prince; but they narrowly miſſ'd him, for he was

gone a little before to wait upon the Queen, upon the news he had received that their Confident was Aſſaſſinated. He entered her apartment unſeen of any; and finding the Princeſs in a Poſture that might have drawn Tears from the moſt obdured hearts, it was long before he gave any ſign of ſorrow by words; but inſtead of that, he made appear in his Countenance the utmoſt effects of extream affliction. Afterward he looked tenderly on that amiable Princeſs, and ſpeaking to her fully as much with his Eyes as Mouth, What is the news then, ſaid he, my dear Queen? and what ſhould I think of the cruel condition wherein I ſee you? Ah! Prince, we are undone, anſwered the Queen, and the Duke of *Gloceſter* has diſcovered our ſecret; he hath intercepted a Letter which I ſent you to day by my Chamberlain,

lain, and in a word, we are betrayed. That faithful Servant is dead, Madam, replied *Tudor*; and was murthered hard by my houſe. I am come purpoſely hither to pay my duty to my Princeſs, and to know of her, if ſhe had heard of that fatal accident. Alas! no, anſwered the Queen, and I began almoſt to ſuſpect him of Treachery; but at length I am convinced of his innocence, and who have been his murtherers: There is no doubt but the Duke has committed that crime; and not ſatisfied; with the death of that Wretch, he threatens alſo the Life of my dear *Tudor*. At the ſame time ſhe told him all that had paſſed between the Duke and her; and had no ſtrength to ſpeak any more: about the end of her diſcourſe ſhe fainted away, and came not to her ſelf again till half an hour after; but was

ſeiſed on with ſo burning a Feaver, that ſhe alarmed all that were with her.

In the mean time *Tudor* was in no better condition; and he could not behold theſe ſad Marks of kindneſs which his, Princeſs ſhewed him without the bittereſt Agonies of grief; but he had ſhortly occaſion to be overwhelmed with ſorrow: For the Queen underſtanding that the Duke of *Gloceſter*'s Guards had been at the Princes houſe to apprehend him, and that he was ſought after in all places; ſhe thought him utterly undone, and that nothing could ſave him from his rage. She obliged him to ſuffer himſelf to be ſhut up in a Cloſet behind her Bed; but that circumſpection delivered her not from her fears, and her Feaver got immediately up into her Brain and made her Light-headed; which in two days time brought

brought her to the laſt extremity. It is hard to tell the ſufferings of *Tudor* when he ſaw the Queen in that condition; nor can I even tell which of the two was moſt to be pitied; he looked upon her with all imaginable tenderneſs, and had no other way to expreſs his grief but by a flood of Tears which ſtreamed from his Eyes.

The Queen was ſenſibly affected at his pains; and ſtriving againſt her diſtemper, that ſhe might again ſpeak to him, Prince, ſaid ſhe, if you would oblige me, be not ſo much afflicted; conſider you have Children, and that for them you owe your preſervation: Take no care of the Mother; and reſerve for theſe dear pledges which I leave to you of my kindneſs, the Teſtimonies that now you give me of your Love. Having ſo ſaid, ſhe embraced *Tudor*; and mingling together

gether the Memorie of his pains and Love, breathed out her laſt between his Arms, leaving all in an uncertainty whether ſhe died for Joy or Grief.

The Unfortunate *Tudor* melting in Tears, ſtretched himſelf upon the Body, which he endeavored to warm again by his embraces; but finding it cold and paſt all ſenſe, he was at length convinced of his miſery. He continued long in a fearful extaſie; but ſo ſoon as he came to himſelf, he reſigned all his contents to deſpair. Ah! *Pavini*, cried he, your knowledg is great; and you have to the leaſt circumſtances foretold my unhappineſs. My Queen will not now be troubled at my death, ſeeing that Illuſtrious Princeſs is gone. He ſaid no more; but leaving the Chamber, went ſtreight to the Duke of *Gloceſter*. He accoſted that Duke with the reſolution

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of a Man that fears not death; and having caſt a diſdainful look upon him, Make an end, barbarous man, ſaid he, of the Tragedy you have ſo well begun; and ſeeing my lovely Princeſs is by your cruelties now expired, why are you ſo ſlow to make me feel the ſame meaſure of Injuſtice, and to reunite above what was ſo well Joyned here below. The Queen is dead! replied the Duke in a great ſurpriſe; is it poſſible, good God! do I hear that fatal news, and do not I die for grief? With that he fetched ſeveral ſighs, and turning to *Tudor* in the height of rage: Yes, yes, Traitour, ſaid he, I ſhall ſpeedily grant your deſire, and your blood ſhall ſupply the Tears that you have made me ſhed. He called his Guards immediately, and having ordered them to carry him to Priſon, he lockt himſelf up in his Chamber, where he mournfully

fully lamented his deſtiny. But he quickly changed his Love into fury; for within a few days he cauſed a Scaffold to be erected, where he commanded *Tudor* to be put to death. The poor Prince was led to Execution as if he had been guilty; but inſtead of complaining of the Dukes cruelty, he prayed a certain friend to thank him in his name, for the favour he did him, becauſe by his means he hoped ſhortly to ſee his lovely Queen again. He laid down his head to the Executioner; who having by one blow divided it from his Body, ſhewed the Spectators by that Memorable Cataſtrophe, how little there is between the higheſt bliſs and the loweſt miſery.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of ſome Books Printed for, and Sold by Jonathan Edwin, *at the Three Roſes in* Ludgate-ſtreet.

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The *Hiſtory* of the Reigns of *Henry* the VII. *Henry* the VIII. *Edward* the VI. and Queen *Mary*, the firſt Written by the Right Honourable *Francis* Lord *Verulam*, Viſcount St. *Alban*, the other Three, by the Right Honourable, and Right Reverend Father in God *Francis Godwyn*, Lord Biſhop of *Hereford*, in Fol.

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Partheniſſa,

Partheniſſa, that moſt Fam'd Romance, the Six Volumes compleat, compoſed by the Right Honorable the Earl of *Orrory*, in Fol.

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